

THE  
S W O R D;

OR,

FATHER BERTRAND'S HISTORY

OF

H I S O W N T I M E S.

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VOL. FIRST.

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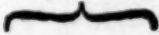



T H E  
S W O R D;  
O R,  
FATHER BERTRAND'S HISTORY  
O F  
H I S O W N T I M E S,  
F R O M T H E  
*ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT:*

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By E L I Z A C L A R K E, K  
AUTHOR OF NARRATIVE POEMS, &c.

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VOL. I.  


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T H E S W O R D ;

O R,

Father BERTRAND'S HISTORY of his own Times

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Father BERTRAND to the DISCOVERER of this Manuscript.

**W**HOSOEVER thou art that perusest  
this History, divest thy Mind of  
Prejudice; and, though the Characters here  
described, and many of the Actions here  
related, may have been differently repre-  
sented by the Historians of this Country;  
yet reflect, that he who writes only to  
Posterity, will most probably write the

B

Words



Words of Truth, as he has no Pique to gratify, no Prince to flatter, nor any private Interest to serve.

As the Cedar Box, which contains this Manuscript, preserves it from the Ravages of Time, so I trust the Manuscript itself will preserve, to after Ages, the Fame of those *illustrious Persons* whose Actions the Pen of BERTRAND ST. ALMER records.

EIGHTY Winters have scattered their Snows on my Head, and my Hair is now become as white as those Snows. The first forty Years of my life have been spent in the busy Scenes of proud Castles, Courts and Cities: the latter forty have past away  
in

in the silence and solitude of a Cloister.---  
 With a Mind naturally calm and unbiaſſed,  
 I have beheld, and pitied, thoſe whoſe violent Paſſions have hurried them rapidly down the ſtream of Life. I have ſeen Men diſtracted by Love, Ambition, and Avarice; but never were they more the Objects of my Compaſſion than when their Souls were poſſeſſed by an *implacable Deſire of Revenge*: to this fatal Paſſion all others are ſubſervient, it penetrates Reſſeſſes where none elſe intrude; I have ſeen its horrid Effects in the Cell of the Hermit, and at the Foot of the Altar. Even the moſt holy name of Religion has been uſed to ſanctify it, and impious Murderers have

declared themselves the avenging Ministers of an offended GOD! Vain Mortals! to imagine that the ALMIGHTY is subject to human Passions, and human Weaknesses! He is strong to punish though merciful to forgive: but let us not presume to say that he will delegate his power to a *Creature of the Dust*. When an Individual draws his Sword to punish a Crime which he supposes his Enemy to have committed, he not only breaks through the Laws of Society, but, attempting to usurp the divine Prerogative, stands condemned in the sight of GOD.

THE impiety of Revenge and the Mercy of the Deity, are both exemplified in the

Facts

Facts here related, and it would have given me Pleasure if I could have deposited this History, with Safety, in the Archives of my Convent. But the Flatterers of HENRY of NORMANDY have so grossly misrepresented the Characters of KING STEPHEN, PRINCE EUSTACE, and WILLIAM of YPRES, that a History, which should attempt to controvert their Slanders, would, perhaps, have the Fate to be considered as a Satire on the reigning Family, and, as such, might be torn from the Records and buried in Oblivion.

I HAVE therefore chosen to commit this Writing to the Care of after Times, and, inclosing it in a Box of Cedar Wood, I



conceal it in the Wall of my Cell, this  
*11th Day of February, A. D. 1217*, and I  
 request that the Person who first discovers  
 it will cause it to be fairly copied and placed  
 in the Library of this, or some other fa-  
 mous Convent.

IN the same Box I inclose an Amber  
 Rosary, if it should be found by a Recluse,  
 like myself, I trust he will use it with that  
 humble Devotion, which has made my  
 Solitude happy, and when, with a holy  
 Mind, he fervently tells his Beads, let him  
 add a Prayer for the eternal Welfare of

BERTRAND ST. ALMER.

THE



## T H E S W O R D ;

O R,

FATHER BERTEAND'S HISTORY of his own Times.

PEACE is at once the Happiness and the Riches of a Nation; but seldom did she visit this Country during the unquiet Reign of KING STEPHEN, and her visits were tranſient as the Meteor that glides through the Arch of Heaven. Her momentary ſmiles now added Luſtre to the gay Scenes of a departing Summer, and the People reposed, for a ſhort Time, from the Toil of Arms and the Horrors of War.

THE

THE grey Mists of Morning rolled up the Sides of the Hills, and the Sun-beams glittered on the Stream of the Valley; the long Grass waved to the gentle Gales of Morning, and the Dew-drops hung bright from the Leaves of the Thorn, when WILLIAM of YPRES, the renowned General of the BRABANÇONS, pursuing the Deer through a thick Copse, beheld a wounded Knight stretched on the Grass. Sudden he stopt his stately Horse; the Caverns of distant Rocks echoed the Blast of his Horn. His Servants heard, and obeyed, the Summons, "Let the Deer rest in Peace," said he, "Bear this Stranger to my Castle." Returning home he called his Daughter

MORVINA,

MORVINA. She ran to meet her Father :  
 her Smiles were lovely as the Sunshine of  
 Spring, and her long Hair, dark and glossy  
 as the Raven's Plume, floated in the passing  
 Breeze. " Haste!" said Lord William,  
 " Prepare the Couch of Hospitality, and  
 " gather the Herbs of Health ; a wounded  
 " Stranger now enters my Mansion." Dear  
 to MORVINA were the Offices of Humanity!  
 She flew to obey his Commands. The  
 Servants, following her Orders, took off  
 the Stranger Knight's cumbrous Armour,  
 and laid him on a sumptuous Bed. A  
 Sword had pierced his Bosom ; he was  
 senseless, but the Flame of Life was not  
 extinguished. MORVINA dressed his Wound  
 and

and dropt the Tears of Pity on his pale  
 Visage, and soon, as the Reward of her  
 Care, she beheld returning Animation cast  
 a faint Glow over his Cheek, like the Ra-  
 diance of the Sun, when, in a vernal Even-  
 ing, it beams through the Clouds of a still  
 falling Shower.

LORD William now entered the Cham-  
 ber, to enquire after the Health of his  
 Guest. Benignity enlightened his Coun-  
 tenance. "MORVINA," said he, "How  
 fares the Stranger?" but, without waiting  
 for a reply, he approached the Bed. He  
 leant gently forward to look on the Face of  
 the wounded Knight, but no sooner did he  
 behold



behold it than he started back trembling,  
 and staring wildly round, as if struck with  
 sudden Horror. "Wherefore art thou come  
 " to my Castle?" exclaimed he; "Can I  
 " give thee Life when the Sword of Death  
 " has transfixed thy Heart? I see the  
 " Wound on thy Breast, and sincerity rests  
 " on thy bloodlets Visage! My Soul is  
 " pierced with Anguish!" His Voice fal-  
 tered as he pronounced these Words; he  
 became convulsed, and his Attendants bore  
 him out of the Room.

MORVINA beheld the Astonishment of  
 the Stranger: "Cease," said she, "to  
 " wonder: in the Hours of Retirement,  
 " when

“ when the Mind of my Father is not em-  
 “ ployed in the conduct of Armies, this  
 “ Malady often afflicts him, and, in the  
 “ Paroxysms of his Infanity, he knows not  
 “ even me, his Daughter : but Reason soon  
 “ returns, and the Fit passes away, like the  
 “ Showers of April, which are not re-  
 “ membered when the Sun has chased away  
 “ the Clouds.--Repose in safety, O Stranger!  
 “ yet, e’er MORVINA leaves thee, she re-  
 “ quests to know thy Name, and what cruel  
 “ Accident has rendered thee the Object of  
 “ compassionate, rather than of courtly,  
 “ Welcome.”--“ Fairest Lady,” replied he,  
 “ Your Servant is proud to obey your  
 “ Commands : I am AUMERLE, the eldest  
 “ Son

" Son of Sir HUGH DE BLOUNT. The  
 " young Baron FITZGERALD dared to cast  
 " Reflections on the unblemished Honour  
 " of my Mother. I challenged the vile  
 " Asperfor of Innocence. A Grove, near  
 " this Castle, was the Place appointed for  
 " our Meeting. We fought: but, though  
 " my Cause was just, his Arm was strong:  
 " I fell. More I know not, save that to  
 " those fair Hands I owe my Life, and  
 " that all Thanks are poor when of-  
 " fered in Return for Favors so undeservedly  
 " bestowed."---" No Thanks are due,"  
 said she, " I performed but the Duties of  
 " Humanity. Farewel! and, in the silent  
 " meditative Hour, when thy Thoughts

“ rise to Heaven, let thy Prayers for my  
 “ afflicted Father rise with them. Adieu!”

MORVINA went to her Father’s Chamber and found him recovered: he enquired the Name of the Stranger. “ It is young AUMERLE DE BLOUNT,” replied MORVINA, “ equally celebrated for Valour and Accomplishments.”---“ Heaven be praised,” said Lord WILLIAM, “ that I have been “ able to preserve the Life of a Youth of “ such acknowledged Merit! But I fear “ my sudden Ravings would too greatly “ agitate his Spirits. I was struck with “ an unconquerable Terror the Moment I “ saw him. He is the exact Image of the  
 “ dearest



“ dearest Friend of my Youth : I had the  
 “ Misfortune to lose that Friend by a shock-  
 “ ing and violent Death : I beheld him  
 “ expire at my Feet ; and, ever since that  
 “ unhappy Moment, I have been afflicted,  
 “ at Intervals, with this dreadful Disorder.  
 “ O ! MORVINA ! I have suffered much ;  
 “ but I have deserved those Sufferings, and  
 “ I know not whether they will terminate  
 “ even in the Grave !”

THE Tears of filial Tendernefs streamed  
 from MORVINA’S Eyes, but she endea-  
 voured to divert that Anxiety which caused  
 them to flow. “ My Father,” said she, “ let  
 “ us walk on the Terrace. The Sun al-

“ ready gilds the western Towers, and his  
 “ Beams are red on the distant Sea ; gentle  
 “ Breezes wave the Oziers that bathe their  
 “ green Boughs in the Stream of the Val-  
 “ ley; the Linnet warbles his Evening Song,  
 “ and the soft Cooings of the Wood-  
 “ Pidgeon rise from the Grove that skirts  
 “ the sloping Hill.”

THE calm Scene spread a momentary  
 Serenity over the Soul of LORD WILLIAM ;  
 he smiled on his MORVINA ; but the Smile  
 soon lost itself in Tears, like the bright  
 Star of Evening, when it hides its Beams  
 in a watery Cloud. Sudden he bent his  
 Knee to Earth, and, with his Eyes up-  
 raised

raised to Heaven, exclaimed, " God of  
 " Justice and Mercy ! Incline thine Ear to  
 " the Prayer of the Guilty : thou knowest  
 " that Remorse has long rent my Heart :  
 " delay not thy Vengeance ; wash out the  
 " Remembrance of my Crime in my  
 " Blood : let my Death expiate my Of-  
 " fences, and grant Peace to my last Mo-  
 " ments that, with my parting Breath, I  
 " may bless my innocent Child ! " --- His  
 Countenance grew placid as he arose, and  
 his Eye beamed with milder Lustre. --- In  
 a short Time his Mind recovered its ac-  
 customed Serenity, and he returned to the  
 Chamber of the wounded Knight. " Health  
 " to the Stranger," said he, " Peace and  
 " the

“ the Salutations of Hospitality !”-----

“ Thanks, courteous Lord WILLIAM,”

replied AUMERLE, “ and if, already a

“ Debtor for undeserved Favors, I could

“ venture to solicit another, I would re-

“ quest that a Messenger might be dis-

“ patched to the LADY DE BLOUNT, to in-

“ form her of my Safety: my unexpected Ab-

“ sence must have alarmed her : doubtless

“ the Anxiety of a Mother will, e’er this,

“ have been awakened.”--“ Rest in Peace,”

said Lord WILLIAM, “ I will, myself, be

“ the Messenger, least the Account of your

“ present Situation, too rudely delivered,

“ should fill her Bosom with causeless

“ Terrors.---Farewel ! MORVINA shall at-

“ tend thee.”

LORD



LORD WILLIAM mounted his Horse, followed by two trusty Servants. The Shades of Night obscured the distant Landscape and universal Stillness reigned, save that the hollow Rocks echoed with the Sound of the Horses Feet, and the Wind caused a gentle Rustling among the leafy Branches of the tall Poplars. Darkness increased, and the nearest Objects were scarcely discernible.---Suddenly a momentary Blaze of Light seemed to burst through a thick Veil of louring Clouds, and a faint Cry, borne on the passing Gale, struck the Ear, and arrested the Speed of Lord WILLIAM.---Again all was dark and still: He pursued his Journey.---The Wind rose high,

high, and the quick-passing Clouds glowed with a fiery Red.---Soon fierce bursting Flames were perceived from some distant Towers, and Female Screams were distinctly heard.---A Band of Robbers had invested the Castle of DE BLOUNT.---SIR HUGH, and his Servants, courageously sallied forth to repel the Assailants. Many of the Robbers were slain, and the DE BLOUNT Party would have prevailed had not the principal Banditto, stealing unperceived behind SIR HUGH, stabbed him in the Back: He fell, and expired without a Groan. His Servants, dismayed by the Loss of their Master, fled precipitately into the Castle and barred the  
inner

inner Gates. The Chief of the Robbers, finding the Remains of his Band too weak to force an Entrance, and thirsting to revenge the Loss of his Men, set Fire to the Castle. The Flames spread fast: already the Lady DE BLOUNT, with her Women, and her infant Son, were driven to an outer Tower, which alone withstood the Fury of the Conflagration: their Shrieks of Terror rent the Air. The chief Robber drew near and, with a malicious Smile, said, " Lady, I have been kind to thy Husband; " I will be kind to thee also." As he spoke these Words he seized a lighted Brand and approached the Tower.---In that Moment Lord WILLIAM rushed upon him, swift as

the

the Lightning of Heaven, and, with a Voice terrible as its Thunder, exclaimed "*Villain meet thy Fate.*"---The Robber fled dismayed: Lord WILLIAM, pursuing, transfixed him with his Spear, and, aided by his Servants, soon dispersed the inferior Crew. Some Horses were immediately secured, but it was not without Difficulty that the terrified, weeping, Females were prevailed upon to quit the still blazing Remains of DE BLOUNT CASTLE, and often did they look back, as if fearful to leave a Mansion which, till that fatal Night, had been the Abode of Peace. The Flames, which rose from its Towers, illuminated their Path, and cast a red Glow of Light, more terrible than the deepest Darknefs.

Lord



LORD WILLIAM escorted the Refugees to his Castle, where they arrived soon after Break of Day. The Terrors of the Night had thrown a kind of Stupor over the Mind of Lady DE BLOUNT, who now seemed insensible to every thing; she even totally disregarded the Caresses of her Infant WALTER, who clung to her Knees, and, in lisping Accents, desired her not to be afraid any longer, for that the brave Knight, who made all the wicked Men run away, would not suffer Robbers or Fire to frighten them again.

WHILE Morvina and her Attendants used every Means in their Power to restore  
the

the scattered Senses of the Lady, Lord WILLIAM, in the gentlest Manner possible, related to AUMERLE the Particulars of the shocking Scene he had witnessed. AUMERLE possessed all the finer Feelings of Humanity united with heroic Strength of Mind. His Fortitude and Resignation struggled with his Grief, like the glorious Sun when he darts his Beams through the Clouds of the Storm.---He desired to see his Mother.---She was led to his Chamber and the Sound of his Voice awoke her Mind from its Torpor; her Memory returned and she burst into a Flood of Tears.---She clasped him in her Arms, and her Affections seemed to rest upon him with more than maternal

maternal Fondness.---They wept together;  
together they spoke of Consolation.

THE Castle of Lord WILLIAM was the  
Residence of Courtesy and Hospitality.  
Day after Day past on imperceptibly.---  
AUMERLE was cured of his Wounds. His  
first Sentiments for MORVINA were only  
those of Gratitude: he considered her as a  
kind Benefactress to whom he owed his  
Life.---To Gratitude succeeded Esteem.---  
He had frequent Opportunities of conversing  
with her :---Her Temper was so mild, her  
Judgment so clear, her Understanding so  
refined, and her Heart so benevolent, that  
he found it impossible to think of her without

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Admiration,

Admiration, and still more impossible to avoid thinking of her.--MORVINA would often own, to her Father, that the Sentiments, and Character, of AUMERLE DE BLOUNT, came very near to her Ideas of Perfection, and that she should be extremely unhappy if he did not think her deserving of his good Opinion.---Thus, from admiring, they both loved, long e'er they knew the Sentiments of their own Hearts.

THE Winter had spent its Magazines of Snow, and the warm Rains of Spring had dissolved them. The Crocus, Violet, Primrose, and Daffodil, unfolded their early Blossoms, and Nature seemed to rejoice in  
her



her increasing Beauty.---As it would be some Time before DE BLOUNT Castle could be thoroughly repaired, the LADY and and AUMERLE agreed to pass the ensuing Summer at Lord WILLIAM'S.---At a small Distance from this Nobleman's Mansion, grew a thick Wood, in most Parts impervious to the Rays of the Sun.---A Spot of Ground, in the Centre of this Wood, had been cleared, in which was erected a small Chapel or Oratory, on the Banks of a Rivulet which, after gently winding through many woody Mazes, here found the silent Smoothness of its Course intercepted by some Fragments of Rock over which it rushed with great Violence, murmuring

and foaming as it rolled on, for the Space of several Yards, till, by Degrees, recovering its usual Serenity, it reflected, with new Beauty, the various Flowers and Plants which grew on its Borders, gently bending, as if to view themselves in the gliding Mirror. The Chapel itself was plain and neat: near the Altar was a small Monument of white Marble with this Inscription: "PRAY FOR THE REPOSE OF HENRY "FITZWALTER." The Murmurs of the Rivulet which seemed to soothe, rather than disturb, the Stillness of the Scene; the green Wood, which, gently waving, was seen, at some Distance, through the narrow arched Windows, and the small Quantity  
of

of Light admitted, which was but just sufficient to render the surrounding Objects distinct, inspired a kind of holy Melancholy, equally favorable to Enthusiasm and Devotion.---One Evening AUMERLE strolled to this sequestered Spot. The Birds had retired to Rest; the Air was perfectly calm; not a Breeze shook the Wood, and the Moon, just risen above the Horizon, casting her pale Beams through the grey Twilight, silvered the Tops of the Trees. AUMERLE entered the Chapel, and rested on the Monument which was newly adorned with Garlands of vernal Flowers. The still Solemnity of the Scene invited Melancholy: He revolved in his Mind the Death of SIR

HUGH, the Grief of Lady DE BLOUNT, his own growing Love for MORVINA, and the Uncertainty of his Hopes. "Perhaps, "even now," said he, "I rest on the Tomb "of a Lover whom she still laments." His Thoughts continued fixed on this Idea, till lulled by the Murmurs of the Brook, or perhaps governed by an immediate and irresistible Impulse from the Hand of Divine Providence, he fell into a gentle Slumber, during which a most extraordinary Dream presented itself to his Imagination. He fancied himself pursuing his waking Meditations, when, on a sudden, the Figure of a graceful Warrior, holding a bloody Sword in one Hand, and with the other pointing



pointing to a Wound in his Breast, stood before him. He started. "Fear nothing," said the Shade, "Know that thou art not the Son of DE BLOUNT.---I was thy Father. The Hand of one whom I loved struck the Blow that pierced me to the Heart. When thou shalt be fully, and clearly, informed, who was the Murderer of HENRY FITZWALTER, and shalt receive the Sword with which he killed thy Father, present that Sword to him as a Token of Forgiveness.----Farewel! remember that Man must be grateful, and that Vengeance and Mercy are in the Hands of God." At these Words a seeming Peal of Thunder awoke AUMERLE, who, imagining

gining that he had really seen and heard what passed in his Dream, ran, trembling with Horror, to the Castle, and hastening to his Mother's Chamber, threw himself at her Feet, in the greatest Agitation, exclaiming " O ! my Mother ! I conjure  
 " you, by every thing that is holy, to explain the Wonders of this Evening !  
 " Speak, tell me, am I the Son of FITZWALTER ?" She started ; " Where, where, didst thou hear that Name ?" she cried,  
 " Thou art indeed, the Son of FITZWALTER,  
 " and rightful Heir to these Domains."---  
 " WILLIAM of YPRES then has murdered  
 " my Father and usurped his Possessions."  
 said AUMERLE.--" No," replied the Lady,"

" King

" King STEPHEN bestowed these Lands on  
 " WILLIAM of YPRES long after the Death  
 " of my dear HENRY. But tell me, my  
 " Son, who informed thee of thy Paren-  
 " tage?" AUMERLE then related to his  
 Mother the Circumstance of his having, as  
 he supposed, seen an Apparition. The  
 cold Dews of Horror bathed her Visage,  
 her Voice faltered as she spoke :---" Alas !"  
 said she ; " the Fate of thy Father wraps  
 " thy future Prospects in the Clouds of  
 " Uncertainty." Attend to what I shall  
 now relate, and let it be engraven on thy  
 Memory, so deeply that it may never be  
 effaced but by the Hand of Death.

" My

" My Father, the BARON DE TRACIE,  
 was one of those who publicly avowed their  
 Discontent upon the Marriage of the Em-  
 press Matilda with Geoffry Plantagenet.  
 Some Months before this Event took Place  
 HENRY, the Son of GUY FITZWALTER, a  
 Norman Lord, who had been intimate  
 with my Father many Years, returned  
 from Flanders, where he had been educated  
 under the Care of an Uncle. He was three  
 Years older than I, handsome, and accom-  
 plished. The frequent Opportunities which  
 we had of conversing together insensibly  
 accustomed us to seek Happiness in each  
 other's Society. Our Parents perceived  
 the growing Fondness; they endeavoured  
 not



not to check, but rather to strengthen it; they encouraged us to hope that we should one Day be inseparately united : but, alas ! in the very Bloom of our Hopes, the Storm of Disappointment burst upon our Heads. GUY FITZWALTER approved the Conduct of the King with Regard to the second Marriage of his Daughter : my Father vehemently condemned it. " What," said he, " have we not sufficiently felt the Force of " arbitrary Power ? must we call in a new " Race of Tyrants to Oppress us ?" Upon these Words GUY FITZWALTER, in the Warmth of Passion, called him a *Traitor*. That fatal Expression has been, to me, a Source of inexhaustible Woe. From that

Moment

Moment they vowed eternal Enmity, and  
 inveterate Hatred took Possession of their  
 Bosoms. HENRY and I were forbidden to  
 converse with, or even see each other: but  
 Love, when once it has been encouraged to  
 flourish in the youthful Heart, is not easily  
 eradicated. By the Aid of ELDRITHA, a  
 Female Servant who had attended me from  
 my Infancy, I had frequent Interviews with  
 HENRY. We wept, and mutually pro-  
 mised everlasting Constancy: at length I  
 yielded to his Solicitations for a private  
 Marriage, though I knew the Obduracy  
 of my Father's Temper too well ever to  
 hope for a Change in his Sentiments.--  
 One Morning I stole from the Castle, at-  
 tended

tended only by Eldritha; HENRY met me in a neighbouring Wood, and conducted me to CROYLAND ABBEY, where we pledged our Faith at the Altar, and JOFFRID, the Abbot, joined our Hands in holy Wedlock. After this, Henry frequently came to the Castle, disguised as a Peasant, and was admitted under the Character of Eldritha's Brother. Thus, though our Interviews were all by Stealth, Time flew away rapidly on the Wings of Love, and no Care for the Future disturbed our Repose, till one Evening, as I sat in my Chamber, waiting the expected coming of my beloved Lord, I received a Billet which had been delivered into the Hands of my faithful Eldritha, it

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contained

contained the following Words, which are indelibly impressed on my Memory :

“ MOURN not, my beloved MARIANA,  
 “ the Absence of Henry. I shall return to  
 “ thine Arms, crowned with Glory and  
 “ Honor. My Father has discovered our  
 “ frequent Meetings, but our Marriage is  
 “ still unknown to him ; he obliges me to  
 “ join the Army which, in a few Days,  
 “ will leave England, to counteract the  
 “ Designs of the King of France, and  
 “ William Crito. Farewel, my Love !  
 “ All my Actions are so closely watched,  
 “ that I fear it will not be possible for me  
 “ to see thee till I return. It is even with  
 “ the



“ the greatest Difficulty that I have ob-  
 “ tained this Opportunity of writing to  
 “ thee. Once more adieu ! Let thy Prayers  
 “ be with Henry in the Day of Battle, and  
 “ they shall be to him an Armour of Proof  
 “ against the Sword of the Enemy.”

It is impossible to describe my Grief on  
 reading this Letter. My foreboding Heart  
 told me that my dear HENRY had bade me  
 an eternal Adieu. Eldritha made several  
 fruitless Attempts to convey a Letter to  
 him, and in a few Days brought me the  
 sad Intelligence that he had embarked for  
 France. Melancholy clouded my Brow,  
 and her Throne was fixed in my Heart. I

courted Retirement. My Tears flowed incessantly, nor could I restrain them even in the Presence of my Father : His Countenance assumed the Frowns of Disdain :  
 “ Fond Girl !” said he, “ Dost thou weep  
 “ for HENRY FITZWALTER ? Now, by the  
 “ Honor of DE TRACIE, I swear, shouldst  
 “ thou dare to disobey the Commands of  
 “ thy Father, his own Hand should hurl  
 “ thee to Infamy and Destruction.” I trembled at his Menace, and from that Time avoided his Presence as much as possible.

MY HENRY had left England four Months, which Time I had past in anxious Uncertainty of his Fate ; when, one Day,  
 my

my Father entered my Chamber with an Air of unusual Satisfaction, " I have News  
 " for thee MARIANA," said he, " the galand  
 " lant SIR HUGH DE BLOUNT demands  
 " thee in Marriage : Prepare to receive  
 " him as thy Father's Favorite, and, to  
 " silence all Love Scruples, learn that  
 " Heaven has avenged the Affront put upon  
 " DE TRACIE : The SON of FITZWALTER,  
 " is Dead." At these Words I sunk, senseless,  
 to the Ground, nor have I any Recollection  
 of what past for several Days after ;  
 but, when my Senses began to return, I  
 found myself in Bed, attended by my Women.  
 My Fever was high. The Remembrance  
 of my Father's Words struck me

forcibly : yet I could not believe the Intelligence they were intended to convey. I formed a Scheme, which I should neither have planned nor executed had I not been, in some Measure, assisted by the Powers which Delirium, not unfrequently, supplies. I told my Women that I found myself inclined to Sleep, and could dispense with the Attendance of all but Eldritha. When they were gone, I pretended to slumber very peaceably, but, in Reality, waited anxiously for the Time when, wearied out with Watching, and lulled by the Stillness of the Night, Eldritha should sink into Repose : in a few Hours, as I expected, she fell fast asleep. I then rose and, with silent

Trepidation



Trepidation, hurrying on a long white Robe, and wrapping my Head in a black Veil, stole softly down the winding Stair-Case which led to the Armory. Here I seized a Poniard, resolving to plunge it in the Breast of any one who should attempt to stay me. Thus armed I entered the Porter's Lodge : Fortunately he awoke not at my Approach. I secured the Keys, opened the Gates, and, as if inspired with supernatural Strength, alone, and unaided as I was, let down the Draw-Bridge.-- Fearless of nightly Dangers I traversed gloomy Woods and unfrequented Paths, till I arrived at the Mansion of FITZWALTER : as I approached I perceived a Light in one  
of

of the Towers, and heard the Sound of Feet quick passing before me. I followed the Noise, and, by the Beams of the Moon, discovered a venerable Ecclesiastic attended by one Servant: The Gates were opened to admit them: I darted like Lightning into the Hall and rushed impetuously into a Chamber, the Door of which stood half open. A Lamp pale-glimmering darted its feeble Rays, and half illuminated the surrounding Objects. On a Bed, at the farther End of the Room, lay GUY FITZWALTER, faint, trembling, and almost in the last Agonies of Death. I approached him and, grasping the Poniard, raised my Arm, as if prepared to strike a fatal Blow, exclaiming

exclaiming " Unnatural Father ! hast thou  
 " sacrificed thy Son to Hatred ? Speak, is  
 " my Husband dead ?" At that Moment  
 some one behind me seized my Arm : I  
 turned suddenly round and beheld JOFFRID,  
 " What," said he, " is not the Measure of  
 " MARIANA'S Woes yet full ? Does she  
 " come, at the silent Hour of Midnight, to  
 " murder the Penitent and add Guilt to her  
 " Afflictions ?" I started at these Words,  
 and burst into a Flood of Tears : they were  
 the first I had shed since the fatal Hour in  
 which my Father had informed me of  
 HENRY'S Death : they were medicinal,  
 and immediately stilled that Tumult of  
 Mind which my Delirium had occasioned.

My

My Senses returned, but I felt, more keenly than before, the Horrors of my Situation.---GUY FITZWALTER spoke to the Abbot, but his Voice was so weak I could not distinguish what he said.---JOFFRID replied, "She was his Wife: I  
 "joined their Hands: receive her as thy  
 "Daughter e'er thou diest." "O! pardon  
 "the Frenzy of MARIANA," cried I,  
 "Madness alone had Power to arm her  
 "Hand against thy Life." With a faltering Voice he said, "Alas! canst thou forgive  
 "me? Can I hope that thou wilt look  
 "with an Eye of Pity upon one whose  
 "Pride and mistaken Policy have robbed  
 "thee of the Husband of thy Youth, and  
 "turned



"turned the Days of Joy and Love to  
 "mournful Widowhood?"---"Heaven,"  
 replied I, "accepts the Tears of Penitence,  
 "and shall a Creature of the Dust presume  
 "to counteract its Dictates? So may my  
 "Sins be forgiven me, in the solemn Day  
 "of Retribution, as I freely forgive thee."  
 Clasp<sup>ing</sup> his Hands together he exclaimed,  
 "Most lovely, most gracious of Women!  
 "That Almighty Power, who is the Foun-  
 "tain of all Mercy, will reward thy Good-  
 "ness. Many have been the Errors and  
 "Faults of my Life, but thou comest like  
 "the Harbinger of Peace; thy Voice  
 "pours Consolation on my dying Moments,  
 "and inspires the Hope that I may be for-  
 "given

“given when I stand before the Eternal  
 “Throne.”--JOFFRID now waved his Hand  
 and I retired to the other End of the Room.  
 When my dying Father-in-Law had re-  
 mained a few Minutes in private Con-  
 ference with the Abbot, he called to me,  
 in Accents scarcely audible, “Draw near,  
 “my Daughter, and let my last Breath  
 “bless thee.” I ran and supported him in my  
 Arms. JOFFRID presented the Cross, he  
 clasped it to his Bosom, uttered a few in-  
 distinct Ejaculations, and raising his Eyes,  
 with a Look of Hope and Resignation,  
 expired.---I shed Tears of unfeigned sor-  
 row on his pale Cheek.---JOFFRID, to  
 whom my Appearance at the Castle was a  
 Mystery,

Myſtery, began now to queſtion me about it. I informed him of the ſhocking Intelligence my Father had communicated to me, my conſequent Illneſs, and the wild Project I had formed and executed, of learning the Truth from the Mouth of Guy FITZWALTER. The good old Abbot adviſed me to return Home immediately, offered to be my Conductor, promiſed that he would endeavour to ſoften my Father's Severity, and, if it could be eligibly done, inform him of my Marriage. With a Sigh of Pity I quitted the Corpſe of FITZWALTER,

At ſome Diſtance from my Father's Caſtle, I was met by Eldritha and the reſt

F

of

of my Women, who were roaming distractedly through the Woods, in Search of me, and my Strength was now so far spent that they were obliged to bear me Home in their Arms. . They carried me to my Chamber, where I desired to be left alone with Eldritha ; I told her every Thing that had happened to me during the Night, and intreated that she would contrive to see JOFFRID e'er he departed, that she might inform me if he had succeeded in his proposed Mediation with my Father. Alas ! I had soon the Mortification to learn that his Endeavours had proved ineffectual, and that, finding my Father inexorable, he had thought it best that my Marriage should,

if



if possible, still remain a Secret. Thou wilt imagine the Difficulty of concealing it, my beloved AUMERLE, when I inform thee that, in a few Hours after my Return to my Father's Castle, thou first sawest the Light : I was attended only by Eldritha and another of my Women, in whom I could confide. O ! my Child ! scarce had thy fond Mother kist thy Infant Cheek, scarce clasped thee to her affectionate Bosom, e'er cruel Necessity tore thee from her Arms : my careful Eldritha conveyed thee, unobserved, from the Castle, and gave thee in safe Charge to her Sister, who was newly married to Edmund, one of my Father's Vassals ; I had all the Cares, all the Anxie-

ties, but not the Pleasures of a Mother. Hope was my only Comforter ; her glimmering Rays, piercing through the dark Veil of Futurity, encouraged me still to tread the Path of Life, though Thorns strewn my Way and horrid Gulphs seemed to open round me. My Father, who imputed my Indisposition wholly to the Shock I had sustained, entered not my Chamber for many Days ; but when I was somewhat recovered, he renewed the Subject of SIR HUGH DE BLOUNT'S Addresses. In Vain did I supplicate him to desist, in Vain declare my Aversion to the proposed Marriage, he swore with horrid Imprecations that I should, in the Course of two Months,

Months, either be the Wife of SIR HUGH,  
 or have my Name branded with Infamy.  
 Ah ! my Son, dost thou imagine that I  
 could bear to have my fair Fame sullied ?  
 And who would vindicate its Purity when  
 a Father was the Asperfor ? I determined  
 to ask Counsel of JOFFRID, and accordingly  
 obtained Permission to go to CROYLAND  
 ABBEY : there I informed that pious Man of  
 the Evils that seemed to threaten me : I  
 told him of my having borne a Son to in-  
 herit the Misfortunes of FITZWALTER, of  
 my Dislike to a second Marriage, my Fa-  
 ther's harsh Commands, and the Threats  
 he had uttered. JOFFRID heard me with  
 Patience ; his Passions were not interested ;

he was perfectly at Liberty to reflect coolly  
 on what I told him; He advised me to  
 yield obedience to my Father's Will; but  
 by all Means, to acquaint SIR HUGH with  
 my Situation. "I know," said he, "that  
 "SIR HUGH DE BLOUNT possesses too  
 "much Honor to betray thy Confidence,  
 "and, if he truly loves thee, it will be his  
 "Pride to shield thee from Reproach and  
 "Tyranny: thy Sincerity will heighten his  
 "Esteem, and he will guard thee as the  
 "choicest of earthly Blessings, for thou art  
 "pure and spotless as the white Lilly that  
 "rears its Head in the verdant Shade."  
 "But," said I, "my Child will not enjoy  
 "the Estates and Honors of his Ancestors,  
 "if



" if I do not proclaim him the Son of  
 " FITZWALTER."--" Thy Care is fruitless,"  
 answered JOFFRID, " the King, supposing  
 " that GUY FITZWALTER, died without an  
 " Heir, has already seized his Lands as a  
 " Fief of the Crown ; and the Voice of Jus-  
 " tice is weak, compared to that of Power."  
 " And must my Boy," I rejoined, " whose  
 " Blood is right noble, remain for ever  
 " hid among Slaves and Churls ?"---" No,"  
 replied the venerable Abbot, " some favor-  
 " able Opportunity may present itself, after  
 " the Death of thy Father, when thou  
 " mayest boldly assert his Rights."---This  
 was the principal Part of the Conversation  
 that passed between us. I returned Home,

and

and, following the Advice of JOFFRID, received SIR HUGH as a Lover. It was not long e'er I had an Opportunity of speaking with him in Private .I then told him that I had only a widowed Heart and Hand to bestow, that HENRY FITZWALTER had been the Husband of my Choice, and that I was a Mother. Never shall I forget the kind, the generous Behaviour of SIR HUGH upon this Occasion: he vowed even to respect my Sorrow for my HENRY, and, when Time and Circumstances should render it convenient, to adopt thee as his own Son. My Heart must cease to beat when it ceases to be grateful for his Kindness.

My

My Father, pleased to find me so compliant, ordered the Nuptial Preparations to be made with all possible Magnificence : the wide Hall echoed back the Sound of the Harp, and the joyous Lays of the Minstrels, who sung only of Love and Happiness : my Heart was not in Tune to either ; yet would I not suffer the Clouds of Woe to rest on my Countenance, lest they should cast a Gloom over the Pleasures of SIR HUGH. In a few Days I gave him my Hand at the Altar, and, though he was not the Object of my free and unbiaſſed Choice, a tender and laſting Eſteem ſupplied the Place of that impaſſioned Love, which I might, perhaps, have felt for him, had I

never

never seen HENRY FITZWALTER. Soon after our Marriage, I prepared to accompany SIR HUGH to a noble Mansion of his, which was situated at the Distance of about twenty Miles from my Father's Castle. My Women were ordered to attend me: Eldritha, who had received previous Instructions how to act, pretending that she could not bear the Thoughts of being separated from her Sister, obtained my Father's Permission for Edmund and his Family to settle on de Blount Estate. It was then, my dear Son, that I first enjoyed thy innocent Caresses unrestrained, and traced, in thy infant Features, an increasing Resemblance of thy beloved Father, whose Loss I still continued  
privately



privately to lament: Yet, though Grief could never be intirely effaced from my Heart, the Indulgence of SIR HUGH greatly contributed to weaken its Influence: I was comparatively happy. My Husband religiously performed his Promise of adopting thee, and deceived my Father, by pretending that I had borne him a Son within a Year after our Marriage: thus was I at full Liberty to indulge the Emotions of maternal Tendernefs. SIR HUGH proposed to make thee his Heir, till the Birth of my little WALTER, who had certainly a right to inherit his Father's Estates, rendered it absolutely necessary that some Plan should be formed for re-instating thee in the Possessions

and

and Rights of thy Ancestors. We revolved many Schemes in our Ideas; but found that all would be impracticable till the Death of my Father, whose inveterate Hatred against the very Name of FITZWALTER still continued; as a Proof of which, I shall relate a little Incident of which thou mayest probably have some Remembrance, as it happened near the Time when thou hadst attained thy tenth Year. My Father, having newly purchased an Estate on the Borders of Wales, determined to go and reside there: but, before he quitted Lincolnshire, he wished us to spend a few Months with him at his Castle. During this Visit a Flash of Lightning set Fire to an old Tower of Wood,

which

which stood on an Eminence in the Fitzwalter Estate. The Flames were distinctly seen from the Windows of the Room in which we sat: my Father stood gazing at them with evident Pleasure, and, when the Tower was burnt to the Ground, "So perish," said he, "every Memorial of that accursed House!" this, and many other similar Expressions, convinced us that it would never be safe to confide in him the Secret of my former Marriage: but after the Birth of WALTER, SIR HUGH determined, at all Events, to inform thee of thy Parentage. Alas! e'er he could find a fit Opportunity for the Accomplishment of that Design, his Lips were closed for ever.

G

"I charge

“ I charge thee, on my Blessing, if I should die before the BARON DE TRACIE, to prove a faithful Guardian to thy Brother. Remember that the Possessions of DE BLOUNT are his Inheritance : but thou mayest lawfully claim the Estates and Honors of FITZWALTER and DE TRACIE.”

“ WHATEVER my Rights may be,” said  
“ AUMERLE, I will never wrest these Lands  
“ from the Hand that gave me Life: And  
“ yet, if WILLIAM of YPRES should be the  
“ Murderer of my Father !”

“ IT is impossible,” replied Lady de  
Blount, “ Did not the revered Shade say,

“ The



“ *The Hand of one whom I loved struck the*  
 “ *Blow that pierced me to the Heart?* ” -- “ Lord  
 “ WILLIAM could not be that one : for my  
 “ HENRY, who was slow in forming Attach-  
 “ ments, though steady in preserving them, has  
 “ often declared to me, that the only intimate  
 “ Friends he could boast of were ESTIENNE  
 “ DE ST. PIERRE, and MORDAUNT OM-  
 “ FREVILLE, two young Gentlemen of Nor-  
 “ mandy. As to the Chapel and Monu-  
 “ ment in the Wood, those were probably  
 “ erected by the express Commands of his  
 “ dying Father, who, as I have since been  
 “ informed, received the News of his Son’s  
 “ Death some Time before it was known to  
 “ me, and whose Sorrows, accompanied by

“ the most Heart-rending Remorse, bowed  
 “ him down to the Grave. The fresh gathered  
 “ Flowers, which hung in Garlands round  
 “ the Tomb, were, perhaps, but a display  
 “ of the amiable MORVINA’S Taste, and  
 “ of her Reverence for the Ashes of the  
 “ Dead. Let us beware of rash conjectures,  
 “ for, notwithstanding all that we have now  
 “ Reason to suppose concerning the Manner  
 “ of thy Father’s Death, the Soldiers cer-  
 “ tainly reported that he fell in a Skirmish  
 “ with the Enemy.”

THEY conversed so long upon this Subject  
 that the Night stole away imperceptibly,  
 and the Sun was high in the East before

AUMERLE

AUMERLE retired from his Mother's Chamber. In crossing the Gallery happening to cast a Glance through one of the Windows, he perceived MORVINA walking on the Terrace, with a Youth of a noble and commanding Air. This Youth was Prince EUSTACE, who, immediately on his return from Normandy, whither he had been sent to join the King of France in opposing Duke HENRY, flew to the Mansion of Lord WILLIAM. He revered, he esteemed, that experienced General, who had continued to instruct him in the Conduct of Armies from the Time when, placing a Sword in his Infant Hand, he led him to the Siege of Winchester Castle. EUSTACE

had been trained to Arms under his Eye,  
 and, in the tranquil Moments of Peace,  
 with him had pursued Studies more polite.  
 He loved and respected him as a Father:  
 but there was a still stronger Motive for his  
 Attachment. The beauteous MORVINA was  
 the sovereign Empress of his Heart; he  
 scarce seemed to exist but in her Presence,  
 and even that did not render his Existence  
 happy; for Sorrow had marked him as her  
 Victim, and Melancholy doomed him an  
 early Sacrifice to the Grave. In the Bloom  
 of his Years he descended to the Tomb;  
 like a young Myrtle that, having put forth  
 its Leaves in the first warm Gales of Spring,  
 shrinks at the cold Touch of the North-East  
 Wind,



Wind, and, sickening in the Blast, droops  
its fair Branches and dies.

THE Grief of EUSTACE was silent but  
destructive: his Passion was ardent and  
sincere, yet Honor forbade its Avowal.---  
He had been married, when quite a Child,  
to CONSTANTIA, the Daughter of LEWIS  
le GROS, whose Temper, haughty and im-  
perious, yet jealous and subtle, ill accorded  
with the sincere and candid Disposition of  
EUSTACE. In vain did Reason and Justice  
bid him conquer his Love for MORVINA:  
it was invincible. Ah! thought he, if I  
can but live in her Sight, and enjoy her  
Smiles, my Heart will learn to be content  
with

with the gentle Emotions of Friendship; she will esteem me and I shall have the Consolation to think that our Souls are united. Imprest with this Idea, he sought every Opportunity to enjoy the Company of MORVINA. Her Presence was cheering to his Heart, as the Return of the Sun, to the Inhabitants of the utmost North, after the icy Season of Night. He was listening, enraptured, to the Music of her Tongue, when AUMERLE, descending from the Gallery, joined them on the Terrace.

MORVINA had a few Flowers in her Hand; she presented them to Aumerle, with an Air of Gaiety and Freedom. From  
that

that Moment EUSTACE became a Prey to Despair. He had fondly flattered himself that his unceasing Assiduity, and respectful Attention, would insure him the first Place in MORVINA's Heart, and that her Esteem for him would supersede any Tendernefs she might feel for another. The Illusion was now destroyed. He was sensible how much he loved, and that he had nothing to hope. Incapable of concealing his Emotions, he turned, pale and trembling, towards the Castle, MORVINA was alarmed; she ran after him; she took his Hand, and, while the most interesting Expression of sisterly Regard diffused itself over her Countenance, she said, "Are you not well my Lord?"

"Has

" Has any sudden Indisposition seized you  
 " that you leave us thus abruptly?" He  
 laid his Hand on his Heart.---He struggled  
 to appear composed, but in Spite of all his  
 Efforts he could only articulate, in uncon-  
 nected Sentences, " O ! MORVINA ! my  
 " sweet Friend ! I would have spared thee  
 " a melancholy Adieu ! Perhaps I shall see  
 " thee no more. I go to seek Death at the  
 " Siege of Wallingford. Best, dearest of  
 " Women ! Farewel for Ever !"---" Speak  
 " not so my Lord," she replied, " The  
 " God of Battles will watch over your  
 " Safety : Good Angels will turn away the  
 " Swords of your Enemies, and bring you,  
 " once more, to the Sister of your Soul.---

" Pardon



"Pardon me my Lord that I remind you  
 " of a Title which you have so often ho-  
 " nored me with ; I hope no Fault of mine  
 " will ever erase it from your Memory."--  
 " No," said EUSTACE, " the cold Hand of  
 " Death alone shall tear the dear Remem-  
 " brance from my Bosom ; but Honor calls  
 " me to the Scene of Action. My Father  
 " demands the Presence of his Son. The  
 " Arm of the Foe will be strong against  
 " me ; I shall fall. Thou wilt think of  
 " me with a Sigh MORVINA, and, if thy  
 " Footsteps should wander near my Grave,  
 " thou wilt drop a Tear over it." The  
 Idea was mournful. MORVINA wept,  
 AUMERLE, who tenderly loved her, felt  
 himself

himself interested for the Safety of a Friend, whom she so greatly esteemed. With that honest Enthusiasm which marked his Character, "My Prince," said he, "this Arm  
 "can wield a Sword, let it guard thee in  
 "the Day of Battle: accept me as thy  
 "Knight; I am weary of inglorious Ease."  
 The Sentiments of EUSTACE were seldom blended with Indifference: his Heart glowed at the noble Conduct of AUMERLE, and Generosity predominated. "Be my Com-  
 "panion and my Friend," he replied,  
 "and, in the Hour of Danger, we will  
 "mutually assist each other." MORVINA sighed, and turning her Steps toward the Castle, met her Father, armed and mounted

on his Horse. " Where do you go my  
 Father ?" said she. " To London," he an-  
 swered, " to levy fresh Troops for the King.  
 " The Messenger arrived this Morning e'er  
 " the first Beams of Day pierced the Cur-  
 " tains of thine Eyes. I received the Man-  
 " date with Pleasure ; for my Arm still  
 " retains its Strength, nor should it have  
 " remained so long inactive but at the ex-  
 " press Command of my Sovereign. Earl  
 " EUSTACE, your Father expects you.---  
 " AUMERLE, I speak to thee as a Son,  
 " sleeps the Love of Glory in thy Bosom ?  
 " Art thou enamoured of Indolence ?--  
 " Awake : Let the Noise of the Fight be  
 " pleasant to thy Ear. Follow me : I will

H

" shew

“ shew thee the Way to Glory.” “ Ah ! my  
 “ Father,” said MORVINA, “ AUMERLE has  
 “ already determined : He is to attend the  
 “ Prince. You are all prepared to leave  
 “ me, and, if the Duke of Normandy’s  
 “ Friends should attack this Mansion, who  
 “ could be Morvina’s Defender ?” “ Thy  
 “ Fears are vain, my Love,” said Lord  
 William. “ It is highly improbable that  
 “ they should spend their Time in besieging  
 “ my Castle, which is garrisoned with brave  
 “ and faithful Servants, when their Friends  
 “ at Wallingford need their Assistance. Fear  
 “ nothing ; thou wilt, e’er long, rejoice in  
 “ our Return, and place the Wreaths of  
 “ Laurel on our Brows. I have pre-  
 “ vailed



" vailed on the Lady DE BLOUNT to remain  
 " with thee during our Absence ; her heroic  
 " Fortitude will be an Example worthy of  
 " thy Imitation. I have just proposed to  
 " her that AUMERLE should accompany  
 " me : She listened to the Proposal not with  
 " Grief, but with Exultation. "*My Son,*"  
 said she, "*shall not tarnish the Glories of*  
 "*his Ancestors, he shall add fresh Lustre to*  
 "*them. I had rather my AUMERLE should*  
 "*die, crowned with Honor, than live, branded*  
 "*with Ignominy.*"---" MORVINA, these are  
 " such Sentiments as my Daughter ought  
 " to cherish. Since my young Friend has  
 " already attached himself to the Fortunes  
 " of my beloved Prince, they shall imme-

“ diately join the King at Wallingford : I  
 “ will quickly follow them, with the new  
 “ Levies, and, I hope, we shall soon oblige  
 “ Duke HENRY and his Friends to sue for  
 “ Peace.” MORVINA felt the Force of  
 her Father’s Words. Magnanimity rose  
 in her Soul superior to tender Apprehension.  
 She praised the Love of Glory, and by her  
 Praises inflamed the Martial Ardour which  
 glowed in the Bosoms of EUSTACE and AU-  
 MERLE, and (after the latter had taken an  
 affectionate Leave of his Mother) they bade  
 her adieu ; the one animated by the Hope  
 of receiving her Hand as the Reward of his  
 Prowess : the other determined to seek  
 Death, but to die worthy of her Esteem.

WALLINGFORD

WALLINGFORD made a brave Resistance,  
 and the KING continued the Siege with un-  
 abating Perseverance ; when he received the  
 Intelligence that Duke HENRY was hasten-  
 ing from Normandy to its Relief. Upon  
 these News he ordered WILLIAM of YPRES  
 to repair to the Army, and went in Person  
 to London, to expedite the levying of the  
 fresh Troops. Mean while, HENRY landed  
 in England, and received considerable Sup-  
 plies from the discontented Barons, who  
 brought their Vassals to his Aid and deli-  
 vered into his Hands no less than thirty  
 fortified Castles.----Thus reinforced, he  
 marched toward Wallingford, frequently  
 sending out Detachments from his Army,

either to forage, or bring in such of the Peasantry as should be willing to join him.---

One of these Parties, having Information that there were many of their Friends in Lincolnshire, who only waited for a proper Opportunity to join them, proceeded into that County, and on their March passed very near the Castle of Lord WILLIAM. MORVINA, accompanied by Lady DE BLOUNT, and, unattended, had strolled into the neighbouring Wood. They approached the Chapel : Lady DE BLOUNT perceived it to be the Place that AUMERLE had described, and was going to make some Enquiries of MORVINA, respecting the Tomb, when the Latter, starting, exclaimed, "Lee

" us



“ us hasten back to the Castle: The Feet  
 “ of Strangers have entered these unfre-  
 “ quented Paths, and the Hand of the  
 “ Spoiler has been busy. The Branches of  
 “ the Trees are broken, and the Garlands,  
 “ that adorned the Gates of the Chapel, are  
 “ cast on the Ground.” She had not Time  
 to say more, for some of Duke HENRY’S  
 Soldiers making their Appearance, one of  
 them, (a Brabançon, who had deserted from  
 the Service of Lord WILLIAM,) knew her,  
 and called out to his Companions, “ Behold  
 “ the Daughter of the General! She will  
 “ be a valuable Prisoner: we must bear  
 “ her to the Camp.” Regardless of their  
 Cries and Supplications, they seized the

two Ladies and, by rapid Marches, rejoined the Army.

THE DUKE of NORMANDY had already so stationed his Forces, as to shut up all Avenues to the Intrenchments of the Besiegers, and, by these Means, deprived them of the Supplies necessary for carrying on the Siege with a Prospect of Success. Lord WILLIAM well knew that the Forces under his Command were not sufficient to risk an Engagement; beside, the Enemy had greatly the Advantage of Situation. He therefore determined, patiently, to await the King's Arrival, notwithstanding the frequent Insults of the Normans, who endeavoured to provoke him to hazard a Battle.

FROM

FROM the Moment that Duke HENRY had MORVINA in his Power, he planned a Scheme to make Lord WILLIAM relinquish the Siege. He sent a Herald to him, three successive Days, with Proposals that, in Case he would retire from before Wallingford, he should be permitted to pass, with his Troops, unmolested. These Proposals were, as he knew they would be, rejected with Scorn: however he once more repeated them, taking Care to inform Lord WILLIAM that his Daughter was a Prisoner, and that, if he acceded to the Terms proposed, she should be immediately released; but, if he persisted in carrying on the Siege, the Weight of his Obstinacy should fall on her

her Head. " I am determined," replied  
 Lord WILLIAM, " to persevere in Loyalty  
 " and Duty. I trust the DUKE of NOR-  
 " MANDY is too noble to punish the Daugh-  
 " ter because the Father acts honorably :  
 " but, should he dare to attempt any Thing  
 " against her, tell him I do not fear.---  
 " MORVINA has a mighty Protector, in  
 " the Power who Watches over Innocence  
 " and Virtue, and who can unnerve the  
 " uplifted Arm of the base Assassin. If he  
 " has still Terms to propose, he must pro-  
 " pose them to the KING himself: the  
 " hearkening to any more such Messages I  
 " should account a Deviation from the  
 " Path of Rectitude."

DUKE



DUKE HENRY, finding the General inflexible, caused a Report to be spread thro' his Camp, that he intended to send MORVINA to Normandy. This Report reached the Ears of Lord WILLIAM, by Means of some Peasants whom HENRY purposely suffered to carry Provisions to the Besiegers. That Nobleman rightly judging it to be a mere Artifice, treated it with Neglect --- Not so the PRINCE and AUMERLE: anxious for the Safety of her they loved, they were prone to credit every Rumour: far from suspecting the Design enveloped beneath this, they apprehended Morvina to be in immediate Danger, and determined to rescue her at the Hazard of their Lives.---

They

They imparted this Resolution to each other, and, in Consequence of it, formed a Plan, which, to their ardent youthful Spirits, appeared perfectly feasible; though the discerning Eye of maturer Judgment would, at the first Glance, have discovered it to be the mere Effusion of juvenile Impetuosity. In Pursuance of this Plan, AUMERLE, disguised as a Herald, left the Intrenchments, and, pretending to come with a Message from the General, was conducted to the Duke's Tent. Here he promised, in the Name of Lord WILLIAM, that the Siege should be raised the Day following, in Case no Succours arrived, provided that MORVINA should then be delivered to her Father.

ther. To this HENRY consented, inwardly exulting in the Success of his Stratagem. AUMERLE was permitted, in the Presence of the Guards, to deliver a Letter to MORVINA: he then, undiscovered by her, took his Leave and was reconducted to the Trenches. MORVINA retired to peruse, as she imagined, the Dictates of parental Tenderness; but what was her Amazement on reading the following Words.

“ I APPROACH my dear MORVINA unknown. The Disguise of a Herald has gained me Admittance; and for her Sake I have even ventured to speak deliberate Falshoods. There is a Pleasure in being

I

“ near

“ near and beholding her, but how much  
“ greater would that Pleasure be, could I  
“ enjoy her delightful Conversation ! Hope  
“ animates me, and I dare every thing. I  
“ will convey you through Dangers to  
“ Freedom. The Prince honors his faith-  
“ ful Servant, by sharing the Hazards of  
“ this Enterprize. MORVINA is justly dear  
“ to all Hearts. At the mid Hour of Night  
“ let my Mother and my beloved Friend  
“ prepare to meet their Champions and  
“ Deliverers in the PRINCE, and their ever  
“ faithful and devoted

“ AUMERLE.”

MORVINA



MORVINA flew to Lady DE BLOUNT.

“ I have seen him,” she cried, “ I have  
 “ seen our AUMERLE ! You too will soon  
 “ behold him : Read that Letter, and re-  
 “ joice in our Hopes.” “ Rather tremble  
 “ for our Fears,” said Lady DE BLOUNT,  
 after having read the Letter, “ Rash Youths !  
 “ to what Dangers do they expose them-  
 “ selves ! It is impossible, even though they  
 “ should reach our Tent, that we should  
 “ escape with them. They will fall into the  
 “ Hands of their Enemies ; and will the  
 “ ambitious DUKE of NORMANDY scruple  
 “ to take away the Life of that Prince  
 “ whose hereditary Rights he is now at-  
 “ tempting to usurp ? Unfortunate EUSTACE !

" he blindly prepares the Way for HENRY  
 " to mount the Throne of England. Un-  
 " happy AUMERLE ! he too must share the  
 " Rigours of Captivity." " You fear  
 " too much," said MORVINA, " perhaps  
 " Success may crown their Enterprize :  
 " to dare greatly is almost to atcheive  
 " greatly. Let us be prepared to meet the  
 " Worst that can happen ; but let us also  
 " hope for the Best."

THE Sun had withdrawn his Rays and  
 Night rolled onward veiled in dark and  
 heavy Clouds. The Beams of the Moon  
 played not upon the winding Thames, nor  
 did the starry Lamps of Heaven checquer  
 the

the wide Expanse ; but gloomy Vapours  
 hung o'er the Earth, and Darkness seemed  
 to rest recumbent on its Bosom.---With  
 panting Heart, and timid Step, AUMERLE  
 drew near the Norman Camp. Attentive  
 long he listened to catch the Watch-Word  
 of the Centinels: At length a gentle Breeze  
 arose, and bore it distinctly to his Ear.  
 'Twas ESPERANCE ! He hailed it as a happy  
 Omen, and Joy fluttered in his Bosom..

HOPE, dear, delusive, flattering Hope !  
 art thou the Friend or Enemy of human  
 Bliss ? Dost thou still the Tempest of Woe ?  
 Or does thy preceding Calm lull us into  
 Security, and then leave us defenceless and

exposed to its Rage? No, it is thine to shine even through the Storm. Thou Polar Star of Happiness! By thy Direction we steer the fragile Bark of Life; but if we lose thy friendly Light, we sink in the Quick sands of Disappointment, or are wrecked upon the Rocks of Despair.

AUMERLE returned with Speed to the Prince's Tent. "Now my Prince, my Friend," said he, "The Hour of Danger approaches; every thing is in Readiness for our Enterprize." "Hearts, resolved as ours, fear no Dangers," replied Eustace, "they may brave the Worst that Fate can threaten. We will succeed or perish,---

Delay



“ Delay belongs to Cowards : let us lose no  
 “ Time.”

THEY disguised themselves in the Habits  
 of Norman Soldiers, issued from the  
 Trenches, entered the Norman Camp,  
 gave the Watch-Word, and past on un-  
 suspected. When they reached the Tent  
 where MORVINA and Lady DE BLOUNT  
 were confined, they address themselves to  
 the Centinel upon Duty. “ We come,”  
 said they, “ from the Duke ; he has com-  
 “ manded that the Prisoners shall be con-  
 “ ducted to him. There is Reason to fear  
 “ that the Message sent from the General of  
 “ the Brabançons was only meant to hide  
 Treachery,

" Treachery, and it is the Intention of our  
 " Prince that the Daughter of Lord WIL-  
 " LIAM shall be privately conveyed from the  
 " Camp. Behold, he has sent his Ring as a  
 " proof of his Mandate." The Soldier, ima-  
 gining that it was really his Master's Ring,  
 delivered up his Charge without suspicion.  
 AUMERLE and EUSTACE entered the Tent.  
 The Anxiety of Fear, rather than that of  
 Hope, had filled the Hearts of the Ladies, as,  
 tremblingly, they counted the Moments  
 which brought on the mid Hour of Night.  
 What was their Joy when they beheld their  
 Champions, their Heroes ! Doubt and Fear  
 fled at once, and gave Place to Exultation.  
 To see them arrive, unmolested, even in the

Centre

Centre of the Norman Camp! They scarcely imagined it possible, now, that their Escape should be prevented: but the Time was too precious to be wasted in useless Congratulations. The Prince claimed the Honour of protecting MORVINA, and AU-MERLE felt Duty and Satisfaction intimately united in the Pleasure of guarding his Mother. They returned through the Camp with the same Facility they had entered it, continually telling the Guards that they were conducting the Ladies according to the Duke's Orders. They had now reached the last Centinel and repeated the same Story to him, when a Man, wrapt in a Soldier's Cloak, exclaimed, "It is a Falsehood! Seize  
the

the Villains." This was the Duke himself, who frequently, thus disguised, patrolled the Camp to see how his Orders were executed. The Centinel immediately drew his Sabre. EUSTACE and MORVINA had already past him. He made a Blow at AUMERLE, but the Darknes of the Night deceiving him, he struck Lady DE BLOUNT, who fell, exclaiming, " I die, my Son, I die ; leave me to my Fate, think only of thy Escape." The Alarm was given. The Soldiers came running from all Quarters. Lights were brought, and Lady DE BLOUNT was found fainting and weltering in her Blood. AUMERLE rushed frantic from the Guards, and threw his Arms round his

dying



dying Mother: he prest her to his Bosom, and looked wildly up to Heaven, in speechless Agony. The Duke commanded that she should be borne to her Tent, and ordered his own Surgeon to attend her. He saw that to tear her Son from her would be a Pang severe as those of Death. In a calm, but elevated Tone of Voice, he thus address him : “ Youth, thou hast assumed the famed Character of a Herald to mask the foulest Treachery. Thou hast stolen, like a Robber, on my Camp, at Midnight, and canst thou expect Mercy? Learn that the Prince whom thou hast basely attempted to deceive, possesses a Heart of Pity. Attend thy dying Mother, receive  
 “ her

“ her last Sighs and close her Eyes in Peace.

“ Take thy Sword ; thou art free from this

“ Moment. The fatal Consequence of thy

“ Guilt shall be its only Punishment.”

AUMERLE bowed his Head in Silence.--

The Lady was carried to her Tent and the

Surgeon, after examining the Wound, de-

clared that she had not many Hours to live.

She attempted to speak ; but the Faintness,

occasioned by the prodigious Loss of Blood,

overpowered her, and she fell into a State

of Insensibility.---AUMERLE, who believed

her dead, threw himself upon the Ground,

mingling the agonizing Sighs of Grief with

the Heart-rending Groans of Despair. He

accused

accused himself of Parricide and would have put an End to his own Existence, had not the Attendants forcibly wrested away his Sword. While he continued in this Paroxysm of Frenzy, Lady DE BLOUNT recovered from her Swoon and requested Permission to embrace her Son. The Surgeon, whose Humanity well became his Profession, exerted every soothing Art to recall the scattered Senses of AUMERLE, and having, by repeated Efforts, succeeded, brought him to the Couch where his Mother lay. She faintly raised her dying Eyes, and fixed them upon him with a Look expressive of the most tender Anxiety. He supported her in his Arms, and implored

K

her

her Forgiveness, while, forgetful of her own Sufferings, she exerted the last Efforts of sinking Nature to soothe his Anguish.-- In faltering Accents she reiterated Blessings on his Head, and recommended her Infant WALTER to his Care. Her Respiration grew Difficult, and her Speech was interrupted by those convulsive Symptoms, which are the immediate Forerunners of Death. "Guard, my Son," she tremblingly exclaimed, "guard the Secret of  
 " your Birth till my Father shall be no  
 " more, let him not curse my Memory,  
 " nor, in thee, persecute with unrelenting  
 " Hate the last Remains of the noble House  
 " of FITZWALTER. Receive these with my  
 " last



"last Blessing," (taking a Diamond Cross  
 and some Papers from her Bosom,) "This  
 "Cross was my HENRY's first Pledge of  
 "Love. It is the exact Counterpart of  
 "one which I gave to him, and we mu-  
 "tually vowed never to part with them  
 "but in the Hour of Death. These Pa-  
 "pers contain Proofs of that Marriage  
 "which entitles thee to the Estates and he-  
 "reditary Honors of FITZWALTER: but I  
 "charge thee, on my Blessing, reveal it  
 "not, till after the Death of the BARON DE  
 "TRACIE, except,-----"

THE Remainder was indistinct, and in  
 a few Moments she ceased to breathe.---

Silent unutterable Sorrow filled the Heart of AUMERLE. The Surgeon, who had retired to the Entrance of the Tent that he might not restrain their Conversation, perceiving that the Lady was dead, led AUMERLE from the fatal Scene, unresisting ; but his Looks, and Attitude of speechless Grief, drew Tears from many of the Norman Youths, who, in the gentle Accents of Pity, attempted to whisper Consolation.

SWEET is the Voice of unfeigned Compassion ; it causes a soft Vibration in the Chords of the Mourner's Heart : it produces Harmony, soothing, though melancholy, and lulls the Woe it seems to gratify :

gratify: touched by its melting Tones, AUMERLE wept freely. The Clouds of Woe, which had gathered, black and heavy, o'er his Mind, were scattered, and Reason darted her Rays through the Storm. Memory, roused, repeated the last Words of his dying Mother. He placed the Cross and Papers in his Bosom, mentally vowed Obedience to her Behest, and, after returning to kiss her cold Hand, bowed in humble Resignation to the Will of Heaven.

THE DUKE of NORMANDY sent her Body to Lord WILLIAM, with great Solemnity. MORVINA and AUMERLE mingled their Tears over the Remains of the es-

teemed Friend and Mother. Her Funeral Obsequies were celebrated at a neighbouring Monastery.

THUS perished Lady DE BLOUNT in the Prime of Life. She had early learnt Resignation from the severe Lessons of Misfortune. She possessed those calm unobtrusive Qualities of Mind, those gentle Virtues, which obtain Admiration without exciting Envy, and which constitute the highest Excellence of the female Character. She was beloved by all who knew her, and her Memory was cherished in the Bosoms of the Unfortunate and the Worthy.

LET



LET no one arraign the Justice of Heaven, when he sees the Virtuous suddenly taken from earthly Enjoyments: they go to experience higher Felicity. The Death of Lady DE BLOUNT was a Reward to herself: to AUMERLE only, was it a Punishment; because he considered it as, in some Measure, the Consequence of his Deceit: This Thought frequently embittered his Happiness, which would otherwise have been nearly perfect, as he no longer doubted of MORVINA's tenderest Regard.

THE DUKE of NORMANDY still continued to distress the Besiegers, by depriving them of all Supplies, when the KING, arriving  
with

with the fresh Troops, shut up all the Avenues to his Camp, and harrassed him exactly in the same Manner as he had done the Army under the Command of Lord WILLIAM: but, his Forces being greatly superior to those of the KING, he determined to hazard an Engagement, and the necessary Preparations were made on both Sides. Expectation fluttered in every Soldier's Breast, and each Heart glowed impatiently for the Morrow which was to bear, on its Wings, the Fate of Empire.

EUSTACE walked by the Tents of the Brabançons. The Clank of Armour was heard on every Side. The massy Helm  
 refounded

resounded with the Strokes of the Hammer,  
and the plaited Cuirafs glittered in the  
Evening Sun-Beams. The Archers tried  
their Bow-Strings and fierce Impatience  
lighted, in every Eye, the Flames of mar-  
tial Ardour. The common Soldiers dis-  
couraged of Death and Victory, as if fearless  
of the one and panting for the other.---

“ Alas !” said Eustace to himself, “ They  
“ will rush forward to Battle regardless of  
“ Peril, and uncertain of Reward. Should  
“ the Day be won they have little Interest  
“ in the Conquest: Should Fate prove  
“ adverse, Thousands of them may be  
“ stretched on the Bed of Death, torn in a  
“ Moment from every tender, every social  
“ Tie.

" Tie. And for whom do they prepare to  
 " hazard Life? Is it not for me? Had the  
 " cold Grave been now my Mansion, my  
 " Father might have concluded an honor-  
 " able Peace, and the DUKE of NORMANDY,  
 " in Time, have ascended the Throne,  
 " without mounting on the Carcases of his  
 " Subjects. Shall the Tide of Blood flow  
 " for me? For one who, reckless of earthly  
 " Grandeur, seeks only Death? Forbid it  
 " Mercy! Forbid it Justice! My Friends  
 " and Fellow-Soldiers shall live. My Fa-  
 " ther shall reign in Peace, and Henry suc-  
 " ceed to the English Crown. The Plan  
 " is already formed." Full of these Thoughts  
 he stole, unobserved, from the Intrench-  
 ments,



ments, and, by a long Circuit, eluding the Vigilance of the Norman advanced Guards, arrived at his Father's Camp. There likewise the busy Preparation of Death struck his Ear and increased his Melancholy.

THE EARL of ARUNDEL was the Nobleman to whose Counsel the King was ever most attentive in the Hour of Danger. Equally inured to Courts and Camps, he knew how to direct, aright, the Movements of a State or an Army. In the Cabinet wary, in the Field intrepid, the secret and profest Enemies of his Country alike feared him. His Integrity was unshaken, and his constant Aim was to unite the Interests

terests of the King and the People. To his Tent Prince EUSTACE now bent his Steps. The Night was already far advanced and the Light of the Watch-Fires directed his Way. He found the Earl reclined on a Couch, enjoying Repose, peaceful and serene as that of Infancy. His Head rested on his broad Shield, and near him lay the glittering Helm and plaited Coat of Mail. His Locks, grown white in the Service of his Country, fell negligently over his Cheek and Temples, and gave a more venerable Air to his placid Countenance. All was hushed around his Tent: the rough Voices of the Soldiers were softened into gentle Whispers: the

Guards

Guards leant on their Lances in Silence, and even the passing Gales seemed to breathe more softly, as if they revered the Slumbers of the good old Man. EUSTACE, unwilling to disturb his Repose, stood still to contemplate his venerable Figure, and waited, with respectful Patience, the Moment of his awaking.

THE Instant he opened his Eyes, the Prince seized his Hand with a most affectionate Air. " My good Lord ; my dear " Lord," said he, " Aid me to save my " Countrymen. Let them not be sacrificed " for me. Hear me when I solemnly vow " that, from this Hour, I utterly renounce

L

" the

“ the Cares and Pleasures of Royalty. I  
 “ have, for some Time, borne Life itself  
 “ but as a Burthen, which must be sup-  
 “ ported with Patience, but which I should  
 “ rejoice to lay down. Hasten to my Fa-  
 “ ther, advise, implore him, to save his  
 “ Subjects, by making Peace with the  
 “ DUKE of NORMANDY. Represent to  
 “ him that my Determination is fixed, and  
 “ that the English, after his Death, will  
 “ never suffer my Brother WILLIAM to  
 “ wear the Crown, but that, by constituting  
 “ the Duke his Heir, he may prevent the  
 “ Ravages of civil War, spend the Winter  
 “ of his Life in Peace, and secure to my  
 “ Brother the Earldom of Blois.” “ Most  
 “ amiable



" amiable Prince," said Lord ARUNDEL,  
 " generous and compassionate, as I know  
 " your Heart to be, yet still, this is a Pro-  
 " posal which could not be expected on  
 " your Part. Shall I presume to tell you  
 " that, affected by the Miseries of my dear  
 " Country, I have already ventured to ad-  
 " vise a Measure perfectly accordant to  
 " your present Sentiments? but I fear nei-  
 " ther the King nor your Friends will con-  
 " sent that your Benevolence should preju-  
 " dice your Interests." " Hold, my Lord,"  
 replied EUSTACE, " mistake me not.  
 " Think not that my Determination is only  
 " the Effect of an instantaneous Movement  
 " of Compassion, which will vanish again

“ before the Power of Ambition. No ; it  
 “ proceeds from calm Reflection and Sen-  
 “ timents, wrapt in the most latent Folds  
 “ of my Heart. I know that the King  
 “ respects your Counsels ; therefore I re-  
 “ quest you again to try your Power with  
 “ him. If you refuse, I will, myself, rush  
 “ into his Presence. I will fall at his Feet,  
 “ clasp his Knees, and conjure him, ~~no~~  
 “ every Thing that he holds dear and sacred,  
 “ to save his People ; I will go yet farther,  
 “ my Lord ; should he not grant my Peti-  
 “ tion, in the Sight of Heaven and him I  
 “ will make a solemn Vow that, if the two  
 “ Armies engage, the Remainder of my  
 “ unhappy Life shall be spent in a Mona-  
 stery,

" ftery, there, by Prayer and Penance, to  
 " expiate the Effufion of innocent Blood.  
 " Are you convinced of my Sincerity ?"--  
 " I am," replied Lord ARUNDEL, " and,  
 " while I lament your too evident Despon-  
 " dency, I admire the Noblenefs of your  
 " Conduct ; nor will I attempt to diffuade  
 " you from your Purpofe.---I go to the  
 " King: As your Father he will mourn ;  
 " but, as the Father of his People, he muft  
 " rejoice, and he, himfelf, fhall join with  
 " the reft of the World to applaud the  
 " heroic Refolution of a Prince, who thus  
 " facrifices his private Interelt to the public  
 " Good."

THE EARL of ARUNDEL went to the royal Tent and requested a private Audience. The KING heard, with Grief and Astonishment, the Resolution of his Son. He desired to see him. He endeavoured to prevail on him to relinquish his Purpose, but in vain. EUSTACE, though respectful, was determined. At Length the KING, yielding to his Persuasions and those of Lord ARUNDEL, consented to propose Terms of Accommodation to the DUKE of NORMANDY: accordingly a Herald was dispatched from the English Camp, when the first Beams of Morning glowed in the East.

HENRY, whose youthful Spirit already  
burnt



burnt with the Hope of Conquest, was totally averse to the Reception of any Proposals : but the English Barons, who, with their Vassals, formed the principal Strength of his Army, were much inclined to Peace, and earnestly prest him to accede to the Terms offered by STEPHEN.---HENRY, knowing their wavering Disposition, and dreading that, in Case of an absolute Refusal, they would desert his Party, yielded to their Solicitations, so far as, to consent to a Truce.

THE Ensigns, which had already begun to glitter to the eastern Rays, resumed their peaceful Folds. The Warrior put off his  
shining

shining Armour, and the Clamours of  
 War ceased to be heard. Those who, a  
 few Hours before, had prepared to meet  
 each other as deadly Enemies, now joined  
 in the kind Greetings of Friendship, and  
 the Sun that gilt that happy Day, seemed  
 to shine with uncommon Brightness, as if  
 to cast an added Lustre on the gay opening  
 Prospect of Peace and Unanimity. The  
 Heart of EUSTACE experienced a Satis-  
 faction to which it had long been a Stranger,  
 and a Smile of Joy, reflected from the  
 Countenances of others, dispelled, for a  
 little Time, the Cloud of Melancholy that  
 was wont to rest heavy on his Brow.---  
 He rejoiced in the Happiness which he had  
 diffused

diffused, and tasted the purest Delights of Sympathy.

ON the following Day, the Troops under the Command of Lord WILLIAM joined the Royal Army, and the KING welcomed his faithful General with Affection and Honor. He had heard of MORVINA's Imprisonment in the Norman Camp, her Release, and the unfortunate Death of Lady DE BLOUNT. He knew that AU-MERLE had attempted to free MORVINA; but he was ignorant of the Prince's being his Companion in the Enterprize, and, in Reality, her Deliverer. He congratulated Lord WILLIAM on the happy Escape of his Daughter and the Fame of her Charms,

and

and requested that she might be introduced to the Princess CONSTANTIA, who, he did not Doubt, would treat her with that distinguishing Respect which her Merit justly claimed: but he knew not the Heart of this Princess: Possessing a tolerable Share of Beauty, joined to a mean Understanding, she was, in the highest Degree, envious of those who were celebrated for either mental or personal Attractions, and though she had Dissimulation enough to hide her Jealousy, at the Moment when it raged fiercest in her Bosom, yet its slow and secret Machinations were too often fatal. The Person and Accomplishments of MORVINA were peculiarly adapted to excite Envy, and her Heart was

too



too unsuspecting to be guarded against its baleful Designs. The Princess CONSTANTIA received her with that Excess of Courtesy which, though flattering to Youth and Inexperience, is seldom the Concomitant of true Affection or Esteem. EUSTACE was well acquainted with the artful Disposition of the Princess : as his Wife he always treated her with Respect and Attention ; but he never professed that Regard for her which he could not feel, and he now particularly endeavoured to avoid her Presence as much as possible, least she should, by some unguarded Look or Action, discover his Affection for MORVINA. Notwithstanding this Reserve, an unforeseen Event

soon

soon frustrated his Schemes of Prudence and Caution.

CONSTANTIA'S Presence in the Camp rendered it a Scene of continued Amusement. Fresh Entertainments were every Day provided, and the young Nobles seemed to vie with each other in Splendor and Gallantry. Among the various Schemes of Pleasure, a Party was formed to go upon the Thames. Several Barges were provided and decorated with the greatest Taste and Elegance: that destined for the Princess was ornamented in a Style superior to any of the rest, and at its Stern was placed a large white Flag, decorated with a Profusion of Golden Fleurs de Lis, which,

glittering

glittering in the Sun-Beams, proudly displayed the Insignia of France. In this Barge, under a superb Canopy of curious Workmanship, a Throne was erected for the Princess, who ascended it, and, with the greatest seeming Complacency and Regard, placed MORVINA by her Side. In the next Barque, and at no great Distance, followed the PRINCE and AUMERLE.--- The Oars moved to the Sound of musical Instruments, while the Shouts and Acclamations of an admiring Crowd, resounded from Shore to Shore. In a short Time CONSTANTIA'S Barge, by the superior Skill of the Rowers, was considerably advanced before the others, and, as AUMERLE

M

and

and EUSTACE were endeavouring to overtake it, they perceived a Boat, full of armed Men, making toward it from the Shore. They redoubled their Efforts : each seized an Oar, and, by their Example as well as Words, animated their Men : but in vain ; for the armed Boat unencumbered with the Weight of Ornaments, and furnished with a Number of Rowers, moved with great Velocity and soon overtook the Object of its Pursuit. The Men in Armour immediately boarded the Barge, seized Morvina, and carrying her instantly into their own Boat, plied their Oars with redoubled Diligence. EUSTACE and AUMERLE heard her Cries, but finding themselves unable to rescue her

grew



grew almost frantic with Rage. They upbraided their Boatmen and called loudly to the attendant Barques to pursue; till the Prince, suddenly recollecting himself, began to tear away from the Boat all the superfluous Ornaments which impeded its Speed: he wrenched the gilded Carved-Work from its Sides and plunged the glittering Streamers and purple Awning in the Thames: Thus relieved from its cumbrous Finery, it moved lightly on the Bosom of the Water, and came within Sight of the armed Boat just as it reached a Landing-Place where several Horses, ready caparisoned, were in Waiting. Here the Men who seized MORVINA jumped on Shore,

and he who seemed to be the Chief, bearing her in his Arms, apparently in a State of Insensibility, placed her before him on one of the Horses. His Companions immediately mounted and they all rode off at full Speed. The PRINCE and AUMERLE landed at the same Place; but the Villains were all out of Sight: No Horses were to be found, and to come up with them on Foot was morally impossible: they resolved however to follow their Track as long as they should be able and rather die than give up the Pursuit. They had not proceeded far before they were overtaken by two young Norman Lords, well mounted, who, upon hearing an Account of the Affair, generously

rously offered them their Horses and Arms :  
 this Offer they gratefully accepted, and, after  
 returning Thanks to their Benefactors,  
 continued the Pursuit with such incredible  
 Swiftnefs, that the very Steeds seemed to  
 participate in the Sensations which inspired  
 their Riders. They soon drew near the  
 Robbers to whom they loudly called and  
 commanded them to give up the Lady ;  
 but perceiving that they were preparing for  
 Resistance, they immediately attacked them,  
 killed one, wounded another desperately,  
 and put the Remainder to Flight : their  
 Chief, to facilitate his Escape, was obliged  
 to relinquish his Prize. MORVINA fell  
 senseless to the Ground, and it was some

Time before they could restore her to Life; but, when, opening her Eyes, she beheld herself freed from the late impending Danger, and saw who her Deliverers were, her Gratitude surpassed the Power of Utterance, and she could only express it by her Tears.

AUMERLE, with earnest Tenderness, enquired if she was not hurt, she assured him that she had not suffered in the least, excepting from her Fright. He then wished her to inform him if she knew the Villain who had carried her off, but in this Respect she was totally ignorant, as he was disguised, and she had never heard his Voice, having fainted away very soon after she was put into the Boat. The groans of the wounded

Man



Man now caught their Attention. The Prince went to him, and, taking off his Mask, what was his Surprize to find in him one of his Brother William's most confidential Servants ! He started back with Horror, while the dying Wretch, in Accents of Contrition, implored his Pardon. " Declare then," said Eustace, " all that " thou knowest of this horrid Scheme." " O ! my Lord," he replied, " trust not " your Brother or your Wife. My Mas- " ter has beheld the young Lady with em- " passioned Eyes ever since she first attended " on the Princess, who, knowing his vio- " lent Temper, thought this a fit Oppor- " tunity to gratify the Envy and Jealousy " that

" that reigned in her Breast. The Scheme  
 " was concerted between them, and, had it  
 " succeeded according to their Wishes, the  
 " Lady MORVINA would have been carried  
 " immediately to Blois, and there, im-  
 " mured in your Brother's Chateau, must  
 " have pined away her miserable Life, the  
 " Victim of Cruelty and lawless Passion ---  
 " I am dying, my Lord :---O ! let me hear  
 " my Pardon from her Lips, for how can  
 " I hope for the Forgiveness of Heaven if  
 " I have not hers ?" She heard his Suppli-  
 cation; she drew near; she pronounced his Par-  
 don, while the Tears of Compassion glittered  
 in her Eyes: She wept for her penitent Ene-  
 my: She even attempted to dress his Wounds,  
 but

but to no Purpose, for they were mortal, and in a few Minutes he expired, blessing her Kindness.

AUMERLE and EUSTACE were equally struck with Astonishment at the horrid Detail they had just heard. The Prince especially, was greatly shocked to find his Wife guilty of such deliberate and detestable Cruelty. AUMERLE dreaded the future Attempts of WILLIAM of BLOIS, whose ungovernable Passions Difficulties served but to inflame. MORVINA was so happy in her Escape that Apprehensions for the Future did not intrude upon the Joy and Gratitude which filled her Heart: a Joy and Gratitude that Words could not express,

press, but which shone in every Look she cast upon the PRINCE and AUMERLE who now, with Pride and Pleasure escorted her toward the English Camp: as they approached it they were joined by a Body of Horsemen that the KING had dispatched in Search of them. Amidst the Shouts and Acclamations of the Soldiers they arrived at Lord WILLIAM's Tent, just as he, accompanied by a few of his faithful Brabançons, was preparing to go in Pursuit of the Villains who had carried away his Daughter. How did his Heart bound when he clasped her to his Bosom! When she dropt the Tears of filial Affection on his honored Hand as she reverentially

kiss



kist it ! He embraced AUMERLE whom  
 he already considered as his Son. He  
 took EUSTACE by the Hand, and while  
 his Countenance exprest at once both Gra-  
 titude and Sorrow, he thus addrest him.

“ My Prince, to you I have twice been  
 “ indebted for the Safety of my Daughter,  
 “ and I am greatly concerned to inform you  
 “ that the Part which you have now taken  
 “ in her Rescue, is likely to endanger  
 “ your Peace. The Princess complains  
 “ loudly of your Neglect; she even pre-  
 “ fumes to cast Aspersions on the Honor of  
 “ my Child, and it was not without Difficulty  
 “ that I obtained Permission to come in  
 “ Search of her. I know your Heart; I  
 “ have

“ have long known it incapable of Baseness:  
“ but even your Father is not so well ac-  
“ quainted with it as I am. Consider, my  
“ dear Prince that your elevated Situation  
“ exposes you to all Eyes, and that your  
“ Actions are minutely scrutinized. It is  
“ not sufficient that your Conscience acquits  
“ you of Evil; the whole World should  
“ likewise acquit you. If you value my  
“ Happiness, let me request that you will  
“ instantly repair to your Father’s Tent,  
“ where the Princess now is, and there, by  
“ every soothing Method, endeavour to  
“ reconcile her Affections, and convince  
“ both her and the King that you have no  
“ other Regard for MORVINA than what  
“ she

“ she may justly claim as the Daughter of  
 “ your Friend and Tutor.” “ My Friend  
 “ and Tutor! My second Father! Hear  
 “ me;” replied the Prince; “ I cannot  
 “ sacrifice to Falsehood; I cannot profess  
 “ what I do not mean. The determined  
 “ Baseness of CONSTANTIA’s Heart has to-  
 “ tally alienated from her every Portion of  
 “ my Esteem: I will never, henceforth,  
 “ regard her as my Wife: Her Conduct  
 “ has so far degraded her in my Eyes, that  
 “ I can scarcely prevail on myself to pay  
 “ her the Respect to which her Rank alone  
 “ entitles her. Depend upon it I will  
 “ openly vindicate my Honor, and the  
 “ Fame of MORVINA shall appear pure

N

“ and

“and unfullied as her own Thoughts.”----

“Beware, my Prince,” said Lord WILLIAM; “do nothing rashly : Let your Conduct be guided by deliberate Reason; “your Impetuosity would injure where it “meant to serve.”

WHILE they held this Discourse, the KING, having heard of his Son's Arrival, sent a Messenger to command his, and Lord WILLIAM's Attendance, at the Royal Tent.

WILLIAM of BLOIS, immediately upon the Defeat of his Enterprize, had returned to the Camp, and, with all the Blandishments of seeming Affection, had entreated the



the King to forgive his rash Fault ; declaring that he loved MORVINA with a Passion, which neither Time nor Circumstances could alter, but knowing the improper Regard which subsisted between her and his Brother, he had, with the Concurrence of the Princess, carried her off, hoping that, when far removed from her Seducer, she would listen with Complacency to those Protestations which she had hitherto treated with Scorn. After having related this plausible Story he fell on his Knees and besought the King to use his utmost Influence, nay even to exert his Power, over Lord WILLIAM, that he might obtain MORVINA as his Bride. He represented

that this Match would not only secure his Happiness, but likewise appear a Recompense bestowed on the Brabant General for his faithful Services, and re-establish Peace and Concord in the Royal Family.

THE KING, yielding to his Persuasions, had sent for Lord WILLIAM, that he might immediately propose the Affair to him, and had, at the same Time, commanded the Attendance of EUSTACE in order to observe, from his Behaviour on this Occasion, whether the Accusations preferred against him were well grounded or not.

No sooner did the Prince enter than, beholding his Brother, his Eyes sparkled with  
Rage,

Rage, and his whole Countenance glowed with Indignation. Scarcely could the Frowns of his Father, and the authoritative Movement of his Hand as he commanded Silence, restrain his Anger..

THE KING, after having apologized to Lord WILLIAM for the Misconduct of WILLIAM of BLOIS, which he attributed to the Violence of his Love, proceeded to demand MORVINA for him, declaring that, upon the Day of his Marriage with her, he would invest him with Lands which should render him equal in Possessions with the proudest Baron of the Realm. Lord WILLIAM heard the King with Respect

and Deference, and, when he had concluded,  
 with modest Dignity replied : “ My Sove-  
 “ reign Lord, I am perfectly sensible of the  
 “ great Honor which you would bestow  
 “ upon your Servant; but pardon your  
 “ faithful Soldier, when he presumes to tell  
 “ you that he cannot accept the Gifts you  
 “ offer. I have served you, my Liege,  
 “ in many Battles, but Attachment to your  
 “ Person, and not Ambition, was the Star  
 “ that directed me to Glory. You have  
 “ already been pleased to over rate my Ser-  
 “ vices, and have bestowed Rewards more  
 “ than I could expect or wish for. While  
 “ this Arm can Wield a Sword it shall be  
 “ exerted for your Defence; nor would I  
 “ wish



“ with a Death more happy than gloriously  
“ to expire on the Field of Battle fighting  
“ for my King. Do not attempt to wound  
“ the Honor of your Servant. Whatever  
“ Advantages such an Union may offer,  
“ my Daughter can never be the Wife of  
“ your Son; her Heart, and my Word,  
“ are both engaged: She is plighted to the  
“ youthful Knight AUMERLE DE BLOUNT.  
“ I have pledged my Faith to this Con-  
“ tract, and the Faith of a Soldier is sacred.  
“ When the Banners of War shall be finally  
“ exchanged for the white Vestments of  
“ Peace, they will receive each other’s  
“ Vows at the Altar. Your Majesty will  
“ judge whether, under Circumstances like  
“ these,

“ these, WILLIAM of BLOIS ought to en-  
“ tertain any Hopes of gaining my Daugh-  
“ ter’s Affections, or whether there is any  
“ Foundation for the Accusations which  
“ Slander has raised against the Prince.”

“ I WILL not,” returned the King, “ be  
“ so unjust as to interpose any farther on  
“ my Son’s Behalf: but to silence the Voice  
“ of popular Clamour, it would be expe-  
“ dient to celebrate your Daughter’s Nup-  
“ tials as soon as possible. You cannot be  
“ allied to a more honorable Family than  
“ that of DE BLOUNT. WILLIAM shall  
“ immediately set out for Blois: during his  
“ Absence the Ceremony shall be per-  
“ formed

“formed, with all the Splendor that a  
 “Camp can allow, and the new-married  
 “Pair shall retire to your Castle, in Lin-  
 “colnshire.” Then, turning to William,  
 “My Son,” said he, “prepare for your  
 “Departure: Absence from the beloved  
 “Object, and the Sense of Duty, will en-  
 “able you to conquer a Passion which  
 “Reason and Honor forbid you to cherish.”

WILLIAM bowed in Silence and assumed  
 a Look of tranquil Sorrow, though his  
 Heart was filled with Malice, and he was  
 meditating the blackest Designs. He imme-  
 diately quitted the Camp, not daring to  
 meet his Brother, whose just Anger he  
 dreaded

dreaded to encounter. After his Departure the King used his utmost Efforts to effect a Reconciliation between the Prince and CONSTANTIA; but in Vain: EUSTACE, in a respectful Tone, thus addrest him.

“ As my Father and my Sovereign, I  
 “ owe every Observance to your Behests,  
 “ but I trust you will not command Im-  
 “ possibilities. You are not ignorant that,  
 “ in my Union with this Princess, my  
 “ Heart had no Share: yet, had she been  
 “ blest with an amiable Disposition, my  
 “ tenderest Esteem should have been invio-  
 “ lably hers. I have ever treated her with  
 “ that distinguishing Respect which was due  
 “ both



“ both to her Rank and Situation. Affec-  
 “ tion, my Liege, she never possessed the  
 “ Powers to conciliate. Envy and cause-  
 “ less Jealousy have prompted her to Ac-  
 “ tions unworthy of a Princess, unworthy  
 “ of her Sex : for this Reason I am deter-  
 “ mined to bid her an eternal Adieu, and  
 “ not even your Commands, which, next to  
 “ those of Heaven, I venerate, could in-  
 “ duce me to dissemble my Abhorrence  
 “ of her Conduct. I am well convinced  
 “ that the dearest Wish of your Heart has  
 “ ever been to see me happy. The Re-  
 “ membrance of your Kindness I will,  
 “ whilst I have Life, cherish with Gratitude  
 “ and filial Love.” Then, after respect-  
 fully

fully kissing his Father's Hand, he turned  
 toward the Princess and said, " Adieu,  
 " Madam ; reluctantly do I give up all  
 " Hopes of Happiness with you, but, after  
 " your Attempts to blacken my Character  
 " in the Sight of the World, and render me  
 " odious to my Father, can I look upon  
 " you as one whom I ought to Respect ?  
 " I sincerely wish you that Change in your  
 " Disposition, which alone can make you  
 " truly respectable." Saying these Words,  
 he retired, though CONSTANTIA endea-  
 voured to detain him by Entreaties.

ARRIVED at his own Pavilion, he as-  
 sembled round him those Domestics whose  
 Care

Care and Attachment had attended him from his Infancy. To these he distributed Presents, in such a Manner, as made them appear rather Tokens of his kind Regard than Rewards for their Services, and informing them that he should not, at least for a considerable Time, have any farther Need of their Attendance, he dismiss them, with an affectionate Farewel, charging them, at the same Time, to convey the Horses which had been borrowed from the Norman Lords, to Duke HENRY's Camp, and return them to the Owners, accompanied by proper Acknowledgments and Presents suitable to the Giver's Dignity. The only Servant he retained was BERT-

RAND, a Youth about his own Age, who, though the Son of a Vassal, had been educated with the Prince, and, from sharing in his Studies and Pursuits, had been honored with his Friendship, and had, from his early Infancy, loved him with more than a Brother's Attachment: to this Domestic he imparted his Design of leaving the Camp early on the Morrow, and requested him to prepare for his Departure.

THE Night was pretty far advanced, but Sleep descended not upon the Eyelids of EUSTACE.---Despondence sat heavy at his Heart.--He quitted his Tent.--With folded Arms and irregular Step he traversed the  
Camp.



Camp. The chill Air of Night, and the pale Light of the Moon, which faintly gleamed, at Intervals, through a Veil of Clouds, at once soothed and nourished his Melancholy. His Thoughts were sad and unconnected, his momentary Reflections such as rather cherished than repress Sorrow. He drew near the Tent of Lord WILLIAM: he stopt; he sighed.---Should he not, once more, see his beloved Tutor? Should he not bid Adieu to MORVINA, that dear Object of his Regard, from whom he must, in a few Hours, be eternally separated? He advanced a few Steps toward the Entrance: He hesitated: he drew back again. "No," said he, "I will see her no

“ more ; it is a Duty I owe to her Honor  
 “ and my own.” He stood for some  
 Time looking wishfully at the Tent. The  
 Moon was totally overcast : the Clouds  
 grew darker, and Rain began to de-  
 scend. EUSTACE threw his Mantle from  
 his Shoulders and bared his Bosom to the  
 Shower : his fine dark Hair, which used  
 to float in negligent Curls, disordered and  
 heavy with the Rain, fell damp and chill  
 round his Neck. He dropt on one Knee,  
 and, with Hands clasped and Eyes uplifted,  
 thus exclaimed : “ Merciful Heaven !  
 “ whose Bounty refreshes the thirsty Earth,  
 “ hear the Prayer of the Wretch who now  
 “ addresses thee, and terminate that Ex-  
 “ istence

"istence which I no longer know how to  
 "support : but let all the Miseries which  
 "have been added to my Lot, be taken  
 "from that of MORVINA : let her live long  
 "and happy, blest with, and blessing her  
 "beloved AUMERLE. Let him too enjoy  
 "that Felicity which I am for ever deprived  
 "of, and may he never know the Pangs  
 "that have rent the Bosom of his Friend."

At that Moment a light Meteor, kindled in  
 the Atmosphere, darted past him with the  
 Rapidity and Brilliancy of Lightning.---  
 "Almighty Power !" he cried, "Does thy  
 "Bolt pass ineffectual bye? or does it leave  
 "the Wretch, who courts its friendly Aid,  
 "to fall, with impetuous Vengeance, on

“ the Head of one who dreads its Terrors?  
 “ Why, why, hast thou fixed a Monitor  
 “ within me, which forbids me to draw the  
 “ Sword against my own Life?” Then,  
 leaning his Forehead on his still clasped  
 Hands, Anguish gave Way to Stupor, and  
 he sunk into a State of quiet Insensibility.

THE EARL of ARUNDEL, who had  
 staid with the KING, conversing on State  
 Affairs, to an unusual Hour, was returning  
 to his Tent, accompanied only by a Torch-  
 Bearer, when the Figure, and melancholy  
 Attitude, of EUSTACE caught his Atten-  
 tion: he drew near, and attempted to  
 rouse him; but what was his Surprise  
 when,



when, by the Light of the Torch, he discovered it to be the Prince, who thus voluntarily exposed himself to the Inclemencies of the Weather, and the unwholesome Air of Night ! He gently raised him, and clasping him in his Arms, softly said, “ My Prince ; my dear Lord, Why do I see you thus ? Why do you court the chill Shower and the cold Midnight Blast ? Speak to me : Tell me the Meaning of a Conduct so opposite to Reason and the great Law of Nature Self-Preservation.” The Prince, starting from his Reverie, at first looked wildly round ; then recollecting himself, and the Place, together with the Situation in which Lord ARUNDEL had found

found him, he replied, " I blush, my Lord,  
 " at my own Folly, in thus yielding to the  
 " Transports of a Heart which feels, too  
 " deeply, the Wounds inflicted on it, by the  
 " Arrows of Calamity. Let me accom-  
 " pany you to your Tent: I will there in-  
 " form you fully of the Sensations which  
 " distract my Mind. In the mean Time,  
 " I beg that you will not judge unfavorably  
 " of my Actions, but rather honor them  
 " with your best Thoughts."

WHEN they arrived at the Tent, Lord  
 ARUNDEL, before he would permit the  
 Prince to enter into Discourse, insisted upon  
 his changing his Cloaths, which were wet  
 through

through with the Rain, and having made his Servants prepare a good Fire, himself assisted to wring the Moisture from his Hair, and, with the most affectionate Soothings, attempted to still that Agitation, which the Struggles of his Heart imprest on his Countenance. At length EUSTACE, seizing the Earl's Hand, and clasping it between his, thus began : “ Do not condemn  
 “ me, my Lord ; for if your Heart, which is  
 “ Kindness itself, disapproves my Conduct,  
 “ in whose Breast shall I find Mercy ?  
 “ You are no Stranger to the Transactions  
 “ of this Day, and finding me, as you did,  
 “ before Lord WILLIAM's Tent, I can no  
 “ longer disguise my Sentiments. Yet rely  
 “ upon

“ upon my Honor, when I assure you, that  
 “ they have hitherto been Prisoners in my  
 “ own Bosom. It is too true that I love  
 “ MORVINA : love her with a Passion that  
 “ constitutes a Part of my Existence : but  
 “ she knows it not ; nor have I presumed  
 “ to indulge a Thought dangerous to her  
 “ Honor or to her Peace. I call Heaven  
 “ to witness that I have struggled with my  
 “ Affection, that I have repeatedly endea-  
 “ voured to tear myself from her Society,  
 “ and, when irresistibly impelled again to  
 “ seek it, I have never suffered my Beha-  
 “ viour to transgress the Bounds of a Bro-  
 “ ther’s Love. I am sure MORVINA does  
 “ not suspect that I have ever felt any other

“ Sentiment



" Sentiment for her. So far you will al-  
 " low my Conduct to have been regulated  
 " by the nicest Honor. I cannot be an-  
 " swerable for the involuntary Sensations of  
 " my Heart. Long e'er Reason taught me  
 " to distinguish, long e'er my Mind had  
 " Power to make an Election, I was affi-  
 " anced to CONSTANTIA; she wants not  
 " Beauty to attract Admiration, but she is  
 " not blest with that amiable Temper,  
 " which fixes Esteem: I have found it im-  
 " possible to regard her even as a Friend.  
 " Lord WILLIAM has not only been my  
 " Master in the Art of War; he has di-  
 " rected all my Studies; and even in my  
 " Infancy, before my Heart felt what it  
 " was

" was to love, my Emulation has been  
 " fired to every Thing that was virtuous  
 " and Praise-worthy, by the approving  
 " Smile of MORVINA. O ! my Lord, she  
 " possesses Talents and Accomplishments  
 " superior to the Generality of her Sex :  
 " yet her Mind is free from Vanity, and  
 " her Temper gentle and soft as smiling  
 " Infancy. Can you excuse my Praise ?  
 " You have not observed her, as I have  
 " done, veiling her own Excellencies, that  
 " Others might shine : but you can wit-  
 " ness her personal Charms. Is she not  
 " Beauty itself ? Yet how unconscious of  
 " her Beauty ! I have frequently, unob-  
 " served, beheld her from her Father's  
 " Castle,

“ Castle, in all the Sportiveness of Youth,  
 “ running down the Side of the Hill, fol-  
 “ lowed by a favorite Fawn, which she  
 “ herself had domesticated; her long dark  
 “ Hair, ruffled by the Wind, half shading  
 “ her Face, and floating in graceful Luxu-  
 “ riance round her Neck. I have gazed  
 “ upon her with Transport, when, suddenly,  
 “ the Idea of CONSTANTIA, like a wither-  
 “ ing Blast, has past across my Imagina-  
 “ tion, and scattered its too perishable  
 “ Blossoms of Happiness. Then have I  
 “ wept, secluded myself in my Chamber,  
 “ and denied myself the Pleasure of looking  
 “ at MORVINA. You are not ignorant  
 “ that it is a Pleasure which I must now

“ be deprived of for Ever. AUMERLE is  
 “ happy ; he enjoys her Affections : no  
 “ wayward Fate, no ill formed Ties,  
 “ prevented him from using every Me-  
 “ thod to win her tenderest Regard : but I  
 “ do not envy him ; he loves me and de-  
 “ serves my Esteem. Yet to see him  
 “ united to MORVINA ! To behold him  
 “ arrived at the Summit of Happiness,  
 “ while I am plunged in the Depth of De-  
 “ spair ! I fear I should not have Fortitude  
 “ enough for such a Trial. I have, there-  
 “ fore, resolved to quit this fatal Scene  
 “ till these Nuptials are over, and, if possi-  
 “ ble, never to see MORVINA more. I  
 “ indulged my Melancholy by walking  
 through



“ through the Camp this Evening, when,  
 “ arriving at Lord WILLIAM’s Tent, my  
 “ Feet, as usual, turned involuntarily to-  
 “ ward the Entrance: but Honor restrained  
 “ my Steps. My Heart murmured at the  
 “ severe Dictates of Virtue. To part for  
 “ ever from MORVINA! It was a Pang I  
 “ could not bear: It was an Idea that  
 “ shook the Throne of Reason. I accused  
 “ Heaven of Cruelty, in obliging me to  
 “ drag on a wretched Existence. I wished,  
 “ I prayed, for Annihilation.-----I ex-  
 “ posed myself to the Storm, hoping that  
 “ Death would soon terminate all my Mi-  
 “ series. You, Lord ARUNDEL, roused  
 “ me from happy Insensibility, and I now

“rejoice that you did, for had any other  
“Person beheld me in that Situation before  
“Lord WILLIAM’S Tent, MORVINA’S  
“Peace of Mind might have been deeply  
“wounded. To you I need not enjoin  
“Silence: your own Discretion will suffi-  
“ciently point out the Expediency of it:  
“for remember that, though I have un-  
“folded my whole Heart to you, I will  
“endeavour to guard its Frailties from  
“every other Eye. This is one Reason  
“why I chuse to withdraw myself from the  
“Camp; and this Reason you will un-  
“doubtedly approve, how much soever  
“you may, in other Particulars, condemn  
“my Conduct.”

“ I AM

“ I AM far from condemning your Con-  
“ duct,” replied Lord ARUNDEL : “ I  
“ applaud the Steadiness of your Principles,  
“ and believe that you have done every  
“ Thing in your Power to conquer a Pas-  
“ sion, the Indulgence of which must have  
“ rendered you criminal as well as miserable.  
“ I am happy to find that MORVINA is not  
“ acquainted with the Struggles of your  
“ Heart : to know them would only em-  
“ bitter that Felicity which you, no Doubt,  
“ wish her to taste, pure and unalloyed.---  
“ I highly approve of your Resolution to  
“ leave the Army ; it shall be my Care to  
“ assign a plausible Reason for it, and, let  
“ me not be thought Impertinent, when I

“advise you to mix with such Company as  
 “may rather divert than cherish your  
 “Melancholy. Since the Truce took  
 “Place, many of our young Nobility have  
 “left the Camp to visit the BARON DE  
 “PORTE, who lately married the beauteous  
 “and wealthy MABIL d’AUREVAL. They  
 “are now at a pleasant Seat belonging to  
 “him, in the County of Suffolk, and Re-  
 “port proclaims it the Residence of Gaiety  
 “and Pleasure. Let me request you to go  
 “thither: There you will find my Son,  
 “who entertains the highest Esteem for  
 “you, and who will be proud of such an  
 “Opportunity, to pay you the most marked  
 “Attention and Respect.”

“ I WILL



“ I WILL follow your Counsel, my Lord,”  
 replied the Prince, “ though much I fear  
 “ that Gaiety and Pleasure will not find an  
 “ easy Entrance into my Heart : however,  
 “ if they do not, it shall be none of my  
 “ Fault, for I will court their Assistance :  
 “ but I have already too far intruded on  
 “ your Time, and the Night is so far ad-  
 “ vanced, that few Hours remain for Re-  
 “ pose. With the earliest Dawn I will leave  
 “ the Camp. Adieu ! dear Lord ARUN-  
 “ DEL ! I hope, the next Time we meet,  
 “ you will see me more myself, and victo-  
 “ rious over a Weakness, which I blush to  
 “ acknowledge.”

LORD

LORD ARUNDEL took an affectionate Leave of the Prince, who retired to his Pavilion, where he found his faithful BERT-RAND anxiously waiting for his Return: fatigued by the Agitation which his Spirits had undergone, he threw himself upon his Couch, and fell into a Slumber, frequently interrupted by terrific Dreams and Sudden Startings. Impatient to quit a Scene, which suggested the most unpleasant Ideas; as soon as the Morning dawned he mounted his Horse, and, attended only by BERT-RAND, pursued his Journey through a level Champain Country, the uniform Appearance of which was broken by Corn-Fields, interspersed with Meadow Lands and Pastures,

tures, and ornamented by Clumps of Trees, scattered here and there, whose Leaves, imbrowned by the hot Rays of August, now began to be scattered by the sighing Gales of September. The Rains of the preceding Night still hung, in pearly Drops, upon the Branches of the Hawthorn and Eglantine, and the yellow Corn waved ripe for the Sickle. The faded Hue of Autumn was stealing over the Landscape, no longer enlivened by the gay Verdure and delicate Blossoms of Spring. At every Breeze, which wafted the decayed Leaves across his Path, EUSTACE sighed, "Ye fallen Honours of the Forest," said he, "you are withered like my Joys. The returning  
 " Year

“ Year will see your Places supplied ; but,  
“ alas ! my Delights will return no more,  
“ the Storms of Fate have blasted them for  
“ ever.” He continued his Journey in  
this sorrowful Mood, stopping only at In-  
tervals, when he found Rest and Refresh-  
ment absolutely necessary.

IN a short Time he arrived at the  
BARON DE PORTE'S Lodge, where he met  
with many of the young English Nobles.  
ALTHAN, the Son of Lord ARUNDEL,  
welcomed him, with the Cordiality of a  
Brother, and the whole Company was  
emulous to please and amuse him. The  
Mornings were chiefly devoted to Hunting.

Frequently



Frequently with swift and fearless Dogs, they pursued the wily Fox, and, some Times, the fleet and timid Stag. In the Evening the Ladies related Tales of Chivalry and Enchantments, or listened to the animated Songs of the Minstrels, or, themselves, warbled soft and artless Love-Melodies. There was not one whose Voice surpassed that of ELWINA DE WALTHAM. She touched the Harp with the skill of a Bard, and her Songs, which were always pathetic, had a characteristic Wildness, that proclaimed them the genuine Effusions of Nature and Sentiment. She frequently chose, for her Subject, the Grief of two constant Lovers, separated by cruel Fortune, and ignorant of each

each other's Fate. Then her Soul seemed to hover on her Lips; her every Look and Gesture was filled with Expression; her Voice faltered; Tears streamed from her Eyes and she was often obliged to relinquish the Harp, before she could terminate her Song. All the Company sympathized with her, and FYNAN, the aged Bard who constantly attended her, and whom she loved and revered as a Father, supporting her in his Arms, mingled his Tears with hers; for his Grief had the same Source. FYNAN had been many Years an Inmate in the House of GIRALDUS DE WALTHAM, had been the Instructor of his lovely Daughter ELWINA; and GIRALDUS upon his Death-

Bed,

Bed, appointed him her Guardian. The Bard had one Son, to whom he gave the Name of MODRED, and on whom he bestowed the best Education those Days could afford. The Father was, in Fact, the Tutor, for few could boast of more Learning than FYNAN. MODRED became universally admired, both for the Elegance of his Person and Accomplishments, and, though he moved but in the humble Sphere of a Dependent, there was a Dignity in his Manners which commanded Respect. The sudden Disappearance of this amiable young Man, was the Occasion of FYNAN's Grief, and few People hesitated to impute ELWINA's to the same Cause.

EUSTACE took more Pleasure in the Company of ELWINA DE WALTHAM, than in all the various Entertainments that were planned to amuse him. There was a Melancholy in her Manner, bordering upon Wildness, which had a sympathetic Claim to his Tenderness, while her gentle Virtues engaged Esteem.

NEAR the BARON DE PORTE'S Lodge stood a lofty Tower, once strengthened with Fortifications, but not being thought of sufficient Power to resist the Attacks of an Enemy, it had been suffered to go to Decay. One Room however was preserved, because it commanded a very extensive  
View



View of the Country; but, as the finest Prospects cease to charm when they become familiar to the Eye; this Room was little frequented, except by the pensive ELWINA, who often retired, from the Gaiety which reigned in the Sports of Aureval Lodge, to weep and sigh, unnoticed, in this sequestered Spot, and indulge herself in a Repetition of those mournful Songs, which seemed to constitute the only Species of Amusement in which she voluntarily partook. Near the Foot of the Tower grew a large Walnut Tree, which projected its venerable Arms, not yet wholly divested of their Leaves, as if willing to protect the Herbage that grew in its Shade from the

rude Blasts of the wintry Wind, which,  
 as they past, scattered the faded Foliage,  
 and triumphed in the Ravages they made.  
 Beneath this Tree EUSTACE, unobserved,  
 listened to the Songs of ELWINA, and, as  
 the withered Leaves fell round him, he  
 dropt a Tear to the short Duration, and  
 certain Decay, of those transitory Enjoy-  
 ments on which we too often rest our Feli-  
 city. At the Root of the Tree a Flower  
 of Spring, a pale Primrose, had raised its  
 Head from the Bosom of the Earth, long  
 after its natural Season: fostered by the  
 Showers of September, it had put forth  
 Leaves and Buds, and now its expanding  
 Blossoms shrunk at the cold Breath of the  
 northern

northern Wind. EUSTACE observed the withering State of this defenceless Flower ; he cut a Number of Osier Boughs from the Banks of a Neighbouring Rivulet, and formed a Shade of them to defend it from the keen Air : Round its Roots he heaped the decayed Leaves which fell from the lofty Walnut : He watched it with Care, hung over it with Tenderneſs, and lamented that, notwithstanding all his Attention, its Date of Life would be but as the Shadow of a Cloud at Noon Day, which paſſes, unremembered, bye.

CHILDREN of Mirth ! Votaries of Pleasure ! Do ye smile in the Gaiety of your  
 Q 3 Hearts ?

Hearts ? The Hour may come, when you shall wish for some Object to divert those poignant, those wounded Affections, which revert, with unutterable Anguish, to the Memory of Blessings that are past away, never more to return. Sons and Daughters of Affluence, who, amidst the brilliant Pleasures that invite your Attention, can heave the Sigh or drop the Tear of Sensibility, let not your Feelings be awakened in Vain. Go; seek the Merit which languishes in Obscurity, like a Flower out of Season, bowed down by the chill Rains of Poverty, and withered by the rude Breath of Neglect : Let it be to you, the Primrose of Winter. Cherish, protect, and bid it live.



live. It shall repay your Kindness with its  
 delightful Blossoms, when the gay Tribes,  
 that expanded to the Summer Ray, are  
 withered to the very Roots.

ONE gloomy Day, ELWINA had retired  
 to the Tower. The Wind blew shrill and  
 keen, bearing with it the destructive Sleet,  
 and chilling the poor Remains of the wither-  
 ing Herbage. The pensive Heiress of  
 WALTHAM struck the Chords of her Harp  
 to accompany the affecting Tones of her  
 Voice, in the following

ODE

O D E

T O

D E S O L A T I O N :

STERN Tyrant ! whose resistless Course  
Sweeps o'er the Meads with sudden Force,  
Beneath whose fierce indignant Eye,  
The Field's green Honors shrink and die ;  
Behold Delight forsake the withering Bow'r,  
And sick'ning Nature shudder at thy Pow'r !

The howling Blasts thy Heralds are,  
Which through the leafless Forest blow ;  
While beating Hail, and driving Snow,  
Rude Ministers ! thy Paths prepare.

Thy Form a Robe of Tempests shrouds :  
Heavy with Rain, the lowring Clouds,  
To crown thy black Pavilion, spread,  
And Darkness veils thy horrid Head.

Ah ! spare, a while, in Mercy spare  
The verdant Grass, the Flowrets fair :

For

For transient is their Beauty's Day,  
And soon, too soon, their Charms decay.

Yet Tyrant Winter's frowning Pride,  
Its Devastations dread and wide,  
The blighted Trees, the sterile Plain,  
Are partial Terrors of thy Reign;  
For haughty Empires tremble at thy Nod,  
And guilty Nations own thy scourging Rod.

'Tis thine to smile on Hope's Decay,  
With Triumph sparkling in thine Eyes,  
To view our sublunary Joys,  
Whelm'd by thy furious sweeping Sway.  
Ambition's lofty threat'ning Tow'rs,  
Delusive Pleasure's flaunting Bow'rs,  
The promis'd Crops of Av'rice, all  
In universal Ruin fall.

Yet, spare, a while, in Mercy spare  
The Flow'rs of Genius, op'ning fair:  
For transient is their Beauty's Day,  
And soon, too soon, their Charms Decay.

HAVING

HAVING laid bye the Harp, she remained a silent Spectator of the increasfing Storm, till roused by the Voice of the Prince, who, employed in forming a Shelter for his favorite Flower, and thoughtless of being overheard, thus addrest it: " Poor Solitary Blossom ! thou shalt yet live, and the Storm that rages round thee shall rage in vain."---ELWINA perfectly recognized the Voice of EUSTACE, but, as the Walls of the Tower were very thick, the Windows formed Recesses, from which it was impossible to discern any Object near the Base of the Building : she could not, therefore, discover to what his Exclamation alluded; but, concerned to find that he

was



was exposed to the Weather, she called to  
 him, " Is that my Lord the Prince who  
 " walks abroad in such a Storm as this?  
 " The southern Portal of the Tower is  
 " open: enter, and shelter yourself till the  
 " Fury of the Tempest shall abate."----  
 " Grant me your Pardon, Madam" he re-  
 plied; " I meant not to disturb your So-  
 " litude, but, thus invited, I trust I shall  
 " not be deemed an Intruder."

He respectfully entered the Chamber  
 where ELWINA was seated. She rose and,  
 with an Air half gay, half serious, thus  
 addrest him: " Could his Majesty know  
 " from what Perils I have rescued you,  
 " he

" he would certainly honor me with Thanks  
 " at least. You must have a mighty heroic  
 " Spirit, my Lord, thus to encounter the  
 " Fury of the Elements." " Call it rather  
 " a weak Spirit," replied EUSTACE, " which  
 " yields, without a Combat, to its own  
 " gloomy Suggestions, and bends to the  
 " destructive, though fascinating, Power of  
 " Melancholy. Beneath the aged Walnut  
 " I can indulge my own mournful Thoughts,  
 " but it is the very Luxury of Sadness to  
 " listen to the plaintive Songs which you,  
 " Madam, daily warble from this Tower.  
 " My Heart, though dead to Enjoyment,  
 " is yet alive to sympathetic Woe, and  
 " trembles when I behold Youth and Beauty  
 like

"like yours a Prey to hidden Sorrows."  
 "Pardon me, my Lord, you mistake,"  
 said ELWINA; "my Sorrows are not hid-  
 "den; they burst forth, in spite of my  
 "utmost Efforts to restrain them, and ob-  
 "trude themselves on the Hours of social  
 "Festivity. Wonder not that I court So-  
 "litude; for though my Friends are in-  
 "dulgent to my Weakness, I am not  
 "willing, continually, to cast a Shadow  
 "over their Gaiety. To you Melancholy  
 "may be pleasing; but to Hearts gladdened  
 "by the unremitting Prosperity of all their  
 "Wishes, it must ever be an unwelcome  
 "Companion. The Storm increaseth.---If  
 "you, my Lord, can listen with Patience

R

" to

“to my Story, you will find that my  
“Sorrows are not without a Cause.”---  
“Heaven grant,” replied the Prince,  
“that they may not be without a Possibility  
“of Relief. If all my Power in England  
“can be of any Service to you, you may  
“command it absolutely.” ELWINA shook  
her Head. “Alas!” said she, “you shall  
“judge how little I have to hope.”



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S T O R Y

O F

*ELWINA DE WALTHAM.*

“MY Father, GIRALDUS DE WALTHAM, was well known both for his Learning and the Benevolence of his Disposition. His Memory shall always live fresh in my Heart : I guard it there with more Satisfaction than Sorrow ; for though he left this World e’er he had descended far into the Vale of Years, he left it crowned with Honors, and winged his Flight to Eternity, unclogged by the Remembrance of one base or unworthy Action. I was his only Child.---My Mother dying before I could

R 2

know

know the Value of maternal Tenderneſs, my Father loved me with redoubled Affection, and devoted all his Time and Affiduity to my Education. He had a fine Eſtate on the Borders of Wales, whither he determined to retire, that, far from the buſy Scenes of Courts, he might have full Leiſure to attend to his ELWINA. From my earlieſt Infancy he uſed to lead me through the Grounds which ſurrounded our Caſtle, point out to me the varied Beauties of Nature, teach me to diſtinguiſh the different Herbs and Plants, and inform me of their medicinal Virtues or noxious Qualities."

" I HAD

“I HAD attained my ninth Year, when, one Morning, there came on a most dreadful Storm, accompanied with Thunder and Lightning. The Grass was suddenly blasted in various Places; Cattle were struck dead in the Fields: Trees were scattered, or torn up by the Roots, and the Face of the whole Country appeared covered with Confusion and Horror. When the Storm was past, my Father, who mist no Opportunity of instructing me, took me out that I might observe, more nearly, the dire Effects of the Lightning. He led me into a Wood, which was about a Mile distant from the Castle: there I saw, with Wonder, not unmixed with Terror, the highest



Trees of the Forest broken and humbled to the Dust, and knotted Oaks, which had withstood the Power of Ages, cleft and rent in Pieces. We approached the Centre of the Wood, when, suddenly, a lovely Boy came running toward my Father. His Looks were filled with wild Affright : he stretched forth his little Hands, in a supplicating Attitude ; but he could not speak, for his Voice was choaked with Sobs.-- My Father tenderly enquired why he was so much distressed : He made no Answer, but pointed to a thick Copse on the Right Hand. My Father, ever anxious for his Darling, looked at me and stopt, as if irresolute whether he should, or should not,

enter



enter the Copse ; then, catching me in his Arms, exclaimed, " Come, my Child, we  
 " will go : If there is any Danger, Heaven,  
 " who knows our Intention to succour the  
 " Distrest, will protect us."

" WE passed, with some Difficulty,  
 through the intertwining Underwood, and  
 beheld a Man, remarkably handsome,  
 though past the Prime of Life, weeping  
 over the Corpse of a Lady, who had apparently  
 been struck dead by the Lightning.  
 He was so absorbed in Grief, that he seemed  
 insensible of our Presence, till the Child,  
 who had been our Guide, taking his Hand,  
 spoke to him in Welch; he then looked  
 wistfully

wistfully at my Father, and said, " O ! Sir,  
 " it is too late ! she is gone, for ever gone !"  
 My Father looked at the Lady and shook  
 his Head. The Stranger's Grief redoubled.  
 I remained a terrified, and silent, Spectator  
 of this Scene. The Lady lying on the  
 Ground, without Sense or Motion, her  
 Face and Bosom much disfigured by the  
 Lightning, was to me an Object of Hor-  
 ror; but the excessive Sorrow of the Stranger,  
 and the touching Grief of the Boy, who  
 continued to weep, kiss his Mother's Hands,  
 and intreat her to speak to him, wrung my  
 Heart."

" My Father, who perfectly understood  
 Welch, addrest himself to the Stranger, in  
 that

that Language, and, after conversing some Time with him, turned toward the little Boy, whom he, with difficulty, persuaded to leave the Body ; then, taking each of us by the Hand, led us to the Castle. He dispatched his Servants to the Wood, who returned, bearing the Corpse of the Lady. FYNAN, (for that was the Name of the Stranger) followed it, weeping. Her Funeral Rites were performed at Chester, and our House was, for many Days, the House of Mourning. MODRED frequently came to me complaining that they would not let him see his Mother any more, and that if he asked his Father whither she was gone, he would turn from him weeping.

A favorite



A favorite Servant of mine having died at the Castle, about twelve Months before, my Father, who saw me very sorrowful on the Occasion, had endeavoured to explain to me the Nature of Death, and to inspire me with proper Ideas of it. It was now my Turn to instruct. I imparted to MODRED the knowledge I had gained, and particularly made Use of the Argument which I remembered to have afforded me the most Consolation, that, when good People died, Angels carried them to another and a better World. MODRED listened to me with Satisfaction, and we became inseparable Companions."

SOME



" SOME Time after, I learnt from  
 FYNAN the Occasion of the mournful  
 Event which I have just related. He was  
 descended from one of the most noble and  
 ancient Families in Wales ; but the Estates  
 of his Ancestors having been wrested by  
 Violence from his Father, he was educated  
 as a Bard, and attained to such Eminence  
 in his Profession that, at the very early Age  
 of twenty-two, he had the Degree of  
 Pencerrdd, both in Poetry and Music, be-  
 stowed upon him ; and he lived many  
 Years happy and respected among his  
 Countrymen, till happening to sing in the  
 Presence of ROBERT DE MONTALTO, High  
 Steward of Chester, that Lord was so much  
 delighted

delighted with his Skill that he invited him  
 to his Castle of Montalto, where he loaded  
 him with Favours, treated him as a Son,  
 and, at the End of a Year, found his Es-  
 teem for him so much increased, that he  
 gave him, in Marriage, his Daughter MAUD,  
 who was reckoned one of the most accom-  
 plished and lovely Women of the Time.---  
 Notwithstanding some Disparity of Years,  
 the Lady had Good-Sense and Discernment  
 sufficient to approve of her Father's Choice;  
 for FYNAN, though not in the Bloom of  
 Youth, joined to a Person, still highly ele-  
 gant, a cultivated Understanding, and a  
 truly noble Disposition. In an Union with  
 him she thought herself perfectly happy ;  
 but

but who can rest securely upon the unstable Basis of earthly Felicity? the frail Support vanishes into Air when they think it most firm."

" THE Castle of Montalto was garrisoned with English and Normans, who, upon the slightest Provocation from their Welch Neighbours, sallied forth, ravaged the Country, and committed the most horrid Outrages. FYNAN vainly endeavoured to restrain them: they were, in general, desperate Adventurers, inflamed with the Hopes of Plunder. The Welch, at Length, roused by repeated Injuries, determined to punish the Insolence of these Marauders. They



raised a numerous Army, and led on by their gallant Prince, OWEN GWYNEDH, invested the Castle, vowing to demolish it, and put every Inhabitant to the Sword."

"FYNAN had been married eleven Years, and was a Father. In the Bosom of parental and conjugal Love he forgot his Country. All his Affections centered in his Wife and Son. He animated the Garrison by his Songs. He put himself at the head of a chosen Band, and defended the most dangerous Posts. After repeated Attacks, the Welch took the Castle by Storm, razed it to the very Foundations, slew Part of its Inhabitants, and made the rest Prisoners:



soners : among the Latter were ROBERT DE MONTALTO, FYNAN, his Son, and the Lady MAUD. ROBERT they kept, in hopes of a Ransom, and treated him with Respect ; but FYNAN, with his Wife and Child, they set at Liberty, upon Condition of immediately quitting the Country. They were travelling toward Chester, when they were overtaken by that violent Storm, which obliged them to retire, for Shelter, into the thickest Part of the Wood, where the Lady MAUD, overcome with Fatigue and Terror, leant for Support against the Trunk of a Tree, and was, in that Instant, killed by the Lightning."

“ MY FATHER used all his Interest to ransom ROBERT DE MONTALTO, but not being able speedily to effect his Purpose, that Nobleman died in Captivity.”

“ FYNAN continued to live with us: he instructed me in Poetry and Music: a friendly Emulation subsisted between his Son and myself, which, no Doubt, contributed to advance both in the Paths of Science.---I will not tire your Patience, by dwelling upon the Days of Childhood, though to me they were Days of inexpressible Pleasure !

WHEN MODRED had attained his sixteenth Year my Father, who well knew  
how

how to appreciate Merit, though unaccompanied by the Gifts of Fortune, and who perceived the Regard which a Similarity of Temper made us entertain for each other, choosing Happiness for me rather than Grandeur, pledged his Word to FYNAN that, as soon as our Education was completed, I should be the Wife of MODRED. That we might not be deficient in those Refinements which can only be acquired in Society, my Father returned to Waltham, having previously disposed of his other Estate, to the BARON DE TRACIE. Agreeable Company, engaging Studies, and varied Amusements, made the Time pass so swiftly, that its Lapse was scarcely perceived,



and four Years, which we had spent at Waltham, appeared but like so many Months, when my Father was seized with a violent Illness, which soon terminated his Existence. I watched him Night and Day, and Heaven knows, if my Life could have been offered up for his, with what Pleasure I would have made the Sacrifice. MODRED appeared not less anxious than myself: we scarcely ever quitted his Bed-Side. The Day before he died he appointed FYNAN my Guardian, and charged me to respect him as a Father. He seemed only to regret that he could not live to see his beloved Children united, and commanded us, on his Blessing, not to protract our

Union



Union above twelve Months after his Decease. He continued, as long as his Strength would permit, to mingle parental Counsel with parental Blessings, and accompanying his last Sigh, with a Look of Affection toward us, expired in our Arms. We mourned for his Loss; but it was our greatest Pride to discourse of his Virtues."

"THE Period appointed for celebrating our Nuptials was approaching fast; when, one Day, a Day I shall ever remember, with Sorrow, MODRED, who was very fond of Hunting, rode out early to meet some young Friends, in a Forest, a few Miles distant from our Residence. The  
Morning

Morning was spent in the Chace : About Mid-Day he left his Companions to return Home. In passing through a thick Part of the Forest, the Branches of the Trees, bending very low, obliged him to dismount: he gave his Horse to the Care of the Servant who attended him, and, as he was walking through a narrow Path, shadowed over with Trees, and bordered on each Side with Underwood, a Dart, from some unseen Hand, and, probably, impelled at Random, pierced his Breast. The Servant, who was at no great Distance, saw his Master stagger and support himself against the Bushes: he ran immediately to his Assistance, but what was his Surprise to behold

behold him desperately wounded! He caught him, fainting, in his Arms, and endeavoured to bear him out of the Forest; but being an old Man, and having been wounded in the right Arm, his Strength failed him, and he was obliged to relinquish the Task. After laying him gently on the Grass, he mounted his Horse, and rode full Speed to the Castle, to fetch Assistance.--- I was so terrified at the Account he gave, that I knew not what I did. FYNAN has since told me that it was with Difficulty I was restrained from going immediately to the Forest. All the Servants were dispatched, and I waited their Return, with the most anxious Impatience. The Evening



ing drew on e'er they came back, and the Moment I beheld them, I could read Sorrow in their Countenances. I dared not to enquire what Tidings they brought, but I was soon informed. They had discovered the Spot where MODRED had been wounded; the Grass was stained with Blood, but he was no where to be found: the only Conjecture they could form was, that having no Body to guard him, in that defenceless State, he had been devoured by the Wolves, (of which there are some still remaining in that Forest,) but this was highly improbable, as it is not customary for those Animals to seek their Prey in the Day-Time. Distracted with Fear, yet determining



mining not lightly to gave up the Search,  
 I ordered my Servants to prepare a Horse  
 for me, and accompany me to the Forest.  
 We carried lighted Torches in Order to  
 scare the Wolves, which, by their Howl-  
 ings, increased the Horrors of the Night.  
 I beheld the fatal Place where MODRED  
 had fallen. I saw his Blood! Yet the  
 Sight suggested Hope to me, rather than  
 Despair, as I could not discover near the  
 Spot, the Traces of any wild Beast. We  
 traversed the Forest till Day-Break, when  
 seeing my Servants nearly spent, with the  
 Fatigues they had undergone, I resolved to  
 return to Waltham Castle, mentally assured  
 that if MODRED was living it would not be  
 long

long e'er I should see him. FYNAN indulged the Excess of Grief, for he entertained not the Hope which glowed in my Breast: he gave his Son up as lost, nor could I raise in his Mind one consoling Idea. For two long Months I harboured the Flatterer Expectation, and spent many Hours every Day, in looking out of the Castle Windows: but after that Period, I began to fear that my Prospects of Felicity had vanished for ever. Every Day, as it bore away a Hope on its Wings, added to my Sorrow, and Melancholy gained a greater Ascendant over my Soul. The only Amusement I was capable of was playing upon the Harp, and accompanying it with my Voice; and  
the

the only Pleasure that FYNAN seemed to take was in listening to me."

"THE Apartments in Waltham Castle which we inhabited, formed a Square, detached from the Stables and Menagerie.--- The Hall and Armory, with a few Rooms, peculiarly appropriated to FYNAN and myself, took up one Side of this Square: the Remainder was allotted to the Servants, and the Room over the Gateway, where the Porter slept, was directly opposite to mine. One Night I had taken my Harp into my Chamber, and, not finding myself inclined to sleep, had played some Hours

T

later



later than usual, when a mingled Scream of Terror and Despair roused me from my Reverie. I ran to the Window, and was struck with Horror, on beholding the opposite Side of the Quadrangle in Flames. The Porter's Room and Gateway, especially, blazed with incredible Violence, and there did not appear to be the smallest Possibility of escaping. A few of the Servants, who had not fallen Victims to the Flames, were running toward our Apartments; their Screams had awakened FERNAN, and I met him as I rushed out of my Room. "Fear Nothing for your Life," "my dear ELWINA," said he, "I have the

"Key



" Key of a subterraneous Passage, which  
 " leads into the Forest, which was intended  
 " as a Place of Security for Treasures, or  
 " a Retreat in Time of extreme Danger :  
 " Your Father entrusted none but me with  
 " the Knowledge of it. Through that  
 " Passage we may yet escape, but the least  
 " Delay will be dangerous, as the Flames  
 " are spreading fast." The small Remains  
 of our Retinue, who had awakened in  
 Time to save their Lives, had now assembled  
 round us, and, with them, we descended  
 into this dreary Cavern : it was several  
 Miles in Length, and not having been  
 opened for many Years, the Air was be-

come so foul, that we could scarcely breathe, or keep our Torches lighted, which were also in Danger of being extinguished by the Bats that roused from their darksome Recesses, flitted, screaming along the gloomy Vault: however, after a long and weary Walk, we again found ourselves in the open Air, and respired freely. Our first Care was to bend our Steps toward the Castle, the Light from which was a sufficient Guide for us. We could entertain but little Hopes of affording any Assistance to those who were left behind, yet the bare Possibility demanded our utmost Efforts: when we approached, we perceived that not  
even

even the Possibility existed, for all the Apartments were in Flames. The Stables had caught Fire, and it was with some Difficulty and Danger that we saved a few Horses."

"Soon after our return to Waltham Castle, I had formed an intimate Acquaintance with MABIL d' AUREVAL, who, at that Time, resided in our Neighbourhood, and, as I well knew the Sincerity of her Heart, I doubted not but she would be happy to receive us, till our Habitation could be sufficiently repaired ; but, soothed by her Friendship, I was not in Haste to



return to the Scene of Calamity. Upon  
 her Marriage with the BARON DE PORTE,  
 I accompanied her to this Place, which, in  
 Honor of her, was named Aureval Lodge.  
 I do not need to expatiate on her Kindness:  
 You, my Lord, can witness, with what  
 Affiduity she endeavours to entertain me,  
 how indulgent she is to my Feelings, yet  
 how attentive to soften them. Since you  
 know the Cause of my Melancholy, you  
 will not wonder that I do not partake, with  
 Pleasure, in the Sports daily planned by  
 the young Nobility, but rather shun the  
 Scenes of Gladness, and, retiring to this  
 lonely Tower, spend many Hours in what  
 I consider



I consider as the greatest Consolation now left me, Solitude and the free Indulgence of my Grief. You seem not unacquainted with the Luxury of Melancholy, for I have frequently observed that Gaiety has no Charms for you. If your Mind was open to Delight, you would not quit the lively Song and jocund Dance, to listen to the whistling of the Wind, through fading Woods, or leave the gilded Roof of Festivity, for uninhabited and mouldering Ruins."

"You conjecture right, Madam," replied the Prince; "I have long been a  
 "Stranger to Joy. Happiness has vanished  
 "for

“ for ever from this Breast, and is remem-  
 “ bered only as a pleasant Dream. I do  
 “ not shun Society, as contemning its Plea-  
 “ sure, but I am unwilling to chill them  
 “ by the cold Air of Dissatisfaction, which,  
 “ in spite of myself, will appear in my Coun-  
 “ tenance. Yet I am not insensible to the  
 “ Attentions of my Friends, or dead to the  
 “ gentler Sensations of Humanity. I do  
 “ not indulge myself in weeping for my  
 “ own Woes, but I can never think, that  
 “ a Tear for those of others, derogates from  
 “ my Character, either as a Prince or a  
 “ Man.---I mourn for your Sorrows, and  
 “ grieve that they are of such a Nature,  
 “ that

“ that it is not in my Power to alleviate  
“ them : yet I do not think, that you have  
“ Reason to abandon yourself to Despon-  
“ dency. There is still a Probability of  
“ your MODRED’s being alive. A Band  
“ of Robbers may hold him in Captivity !  
“ Some Strangers might find him, and,  
“ conveying him on Shipboard, bear him  
“ to some distant Country, from whence he  
“ could not yet have returned. Encourage  
“ Hope, and let not Imagination swell a  
“ Doubt into a dreadful Certainty.”